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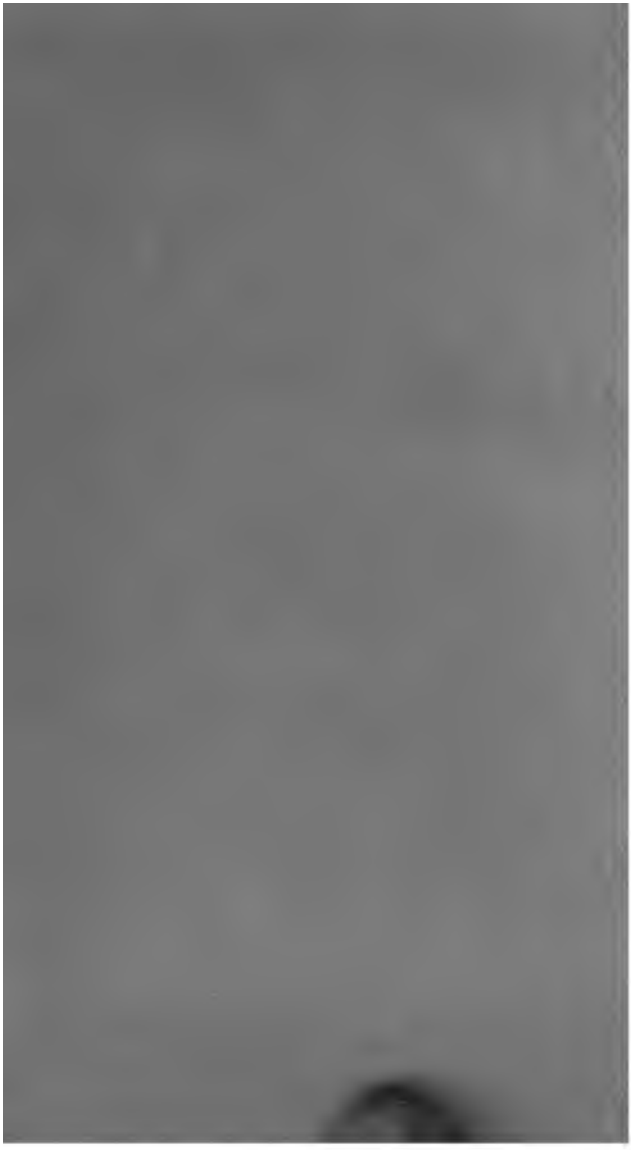

THE

LUSIAD;

OR

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA:

AN

EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

WITH

AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

A New Edition.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1809.

Some, blindly wandering, holy Faith disclaim*,
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.
High sound the titles of the English crown,
King of Jerusalem†, his old renown!
Alas, delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim shadow of departed fame,

* *Some, blindly wandering, holy Faith disclaim*—The constitution of Germany, observes Puffendorff, may be said to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German state bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoens wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miseries of a religious war, the Catholics using every endeavour to rivet the chains of Popery, the adherents of Luther as strenuously endeavouring to shake them off.

† *High sound the titles of the English crown,*

King of Jerusalem—This is a mistake. The title of King of Jerusalem was never assumed by the Kings of England. Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, was elected King of Jerusalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in hope of ascending the throne of England, which attempt was defeated. Regnier, Count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jerusalem; his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a cross potent, between four crosses Sol.—Henry VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote this part of the Lusiad: his gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deserved the censure of the honest Poet.

England's stern Monarch, sunk in soft repose,
Luxurious riots mid his northern snows:
Or if the starting burst of rage succeed,
His brethren are his foes, and Christians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles stain,
In weeping Salem unmolested reign,
And with their rites impure her holy shrines profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Most Christian named; alas, in vain assumed!
What impious lust of empire steels thy breast*
From their just Lords the Christian lands to wrest!
While Holy Faith's hereditary foes
Possess the treasures where Cynifio flows†;
And all secure, behold their harvests smile
In waving gold along the banks of Nile.

* *What impious lust of empire steels thy breast*—The French
nslator very cordially agrees with the Portuguese Poet in
strictures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when
wn country is touched upon, "*Malgré l'estime*, says he,
*'ai pour mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire qu'il tombe
us une grande injustice.* All Europe besides, however, will
e the truth of the assertion, which stigmatizes the French
s with the lust of extending their monarchy.

—*where Cynifio flows*—A river in Africa.

And thou, O lost to glory, lost to fame,
Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,
By every vicious luxury debased,
Each noble passion from thy breast erased,
Nerveless in sloth, enfeebling arts thy boast,
Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how lost!
In vain to thee the call of glory sounds,
Thy sword alone thy own soft bosom wounds.

Ah, Europe's sons, ye brother-powers, in yo
The fables old of Cadmus now are true*:

* *The fables old of Cadmus*—Cadmus having slain the d which guarded the fountain of Dirce in Bœotia, sow teeth of the monster. A number of armed men immed sprung up, and surrounded Cadmus, in order to kill him the counsel of Minerva he threw a precious stone a them, in striving for which they slew one another. On survived, who afterwards assisted him to build the c Thebes. Vid. Ovid. Met. IV.

The foundation of this fable appears to be thus: C having slain a famous Freebooter, who infested Bœo number of his Banditti, not improperly called his tee tempted to revenge his death, but quarrelling about th sents which Cadmus sent them to distribute among them they fell by the swords of each other.

Terrigenæ pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres.

Fierce rose the brothers from the dragon teeth,
And each fell crimson'd with a brother's death.
So fall the bravest of the Christian name,
While dogs unclean Messiah's lore blaspheme,
And howl their curses o'er the holy tomb,
While to the sword the Christian race they doom.
From age to age, from shore to distant shore,
By various princes led, their legions pour;
United all in one determined aim,
From every land to blot the Christian name.
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,
And from the foe the great example take.
If empire tempt ye, lo, the east expands,
Fair and immense, her summer-garden lands:
There boastful wealth displays her radiant store;
Pactol and Hermus' streams o'er golden ore
Roll their long way; but not for you they flow;
Their treasures blaze on the stern Soldan's brow:
For him Assyria plies the loom of gold,
And Afric's sons their deepest mines unfold
To build his haughty throne. Ye western powers
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,

Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire;
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire
Against the walls of proud Byzantium roar,
Till headlong driven from Europe's ravish'd shore
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,
By Caspian mountains, and uncultured fens,
Their fathers' seats beyond the Wolgian lake*,
The barbarous race of Saracen betake.
And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims,
The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,
Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,
A dreadful tribute†, loud imploring mourn.

* ——*beyond the Wolgian lake*—The Caspian sea, so called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itself ipto it.

† *Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,*

A dreadful tribute!—By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long sustained. The troops of the Turkish infantry and cavalry, known by the name of Janizaries, and Spahis, are thus supported, and the scribes in office called Mufti, says Sandys, "are the sons of Christians (and those the most completely furnished by nature) taken in their childhood from their miserable parents by a levy made every five years, or oftener or seldomer, as occasion requireth."

Alas, in vain! their offspring captive led,
In Hagar's son's unhallow'd temples bred,
To rapine train'd, arise a brutal host,
The Christian terror, and the Turkish boast.

Yet sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep,
To you in vain your eastern brethren weep;
Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears shall sue;
Though small the Lusian realms, her legions few,
The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,
The Lusian race shall guard Messiah's lore.
When heaven decreed to crush the Moorish foe,
Heaven gave the Lusian spear to strike the blow.
When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's shores were heard,
The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd*;
Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,
Asia subdued shall fume with hallowed fire:

* ——*O'er Afric's shores—*
The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd—See the note on page 131, Vol. II.

When the red sun the Lusian shore forsakes,
And on the lap of deepest west* awakes,
O'er the wild plains, beneath unincensed skies
The sun shall view the Lusian altars rise.
And could new worlds by human step be trod,
Those worlds should tremble at the Lusian nod†.

* ——*of deepest west*—Alludes to the discovery and conquest of the Brazils by the Portuguese.

† ——*at the Lusian nod.*—If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camoens are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digression, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the shore of India, indulges himself with a review of the state of the western and eastern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered accessible to the former. The purpose of his poem is also strictly kept in view. The West and the East he considers as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a false. The professors of the true, disunited and destroying each other; the professors of the false religion all combined to extirpate the adherents of the other. He upbraids the professors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their disunion and for deserting the interests of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boasts, have been its defenders and planters, and, without the assistance of their brother-powers, will plant it in Asia. This, as it is the purpose of his hero, is directly to the

And now their ensigns blazing o'er the tide
On India's shore the Lusian heroes ride.
High to the fleecy clouds resplendent far
Appear the regal towers of Malabar,
Imperial Calicut, the lordly seat
Of the first monarch of the Indian state.
Right to the port the valiant GAMA bends,
With joyful shouts a fleet of boats attends;
Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey,
And crowding round the Lusians, point the way.
A herald now, by VASCO's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian strand;
The sacred staff he bears, in gold he shines,
And tells his office by majestic signs.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,
The harvest waves along the yellow dale,

subject of the poem, and the honour, which heaven, he says, vouchsafed to his countrymen, in choosing them to defend and propagate its laws, is mentioned in the genuine spirit of that religious enthusiasm which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the most solemn importance to the Gierusalemme of Tasso.

So round the herald press the wondering thron
Recumbent waving as they pour along;
And much his manly port and strange attire,
And much his fair and ruddy hue admire:
When speeding through the crowd with eager h
And honest smiles, a son of Afric prest:
Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears
Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears*.
What friendly angel from thy Tago's shore
Has led thee hither? cries the joyful Moor.
Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoir
O joy beyond the dream of hope to find,

* ——————*the herald hears*

Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears.—This is acco to the truth of history. While the messenger, sent a by Gama, was borne here and there, and carried of feet by the throng, who understood not a word of his guage, he was accosted in Spanish by a Moorish merch native of Tunis, who, according to Osorius, had been the person with whom king John II. had formerly contracte military stores. He proved himself an honest agent, a infinite service to Gama, with whom he returned to Port where, according to Faria, he died in the Christian commu He was named Monzaida.

To hear a kindred voice, the Lusian cried,
Beyond unmeasured gulphs and seas untry'd;
Untry'd before our daring keels explored
Our fearless way—Oh heaven, what tempests roared,
While round the vast of Afric's southmost land
Our eastward bowsprits sought the Indian strand!
Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly stranger stood;
A path now open'd through the boundless flood!
The hope of ages, and the dread despair,
Accomplish'd now, and conquer'd—stiff his hair
Rose thrilling, while his labouring thoughts pursued
The dreadful course by GAMA's fate subdued. [leads
Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he
The Lusian guest, and swift the feast succeeds:
The purple grape and golden fruitage smile;
And each choice viand of the Indian soil
Heap'd o'er the board, the master's zeal declare;
The social feast the guest and master share;
The sacred pledge of eastern faith* approved,
By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.

* *The sacred pledge of eastern faith*—To eat together was in the east looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection.

Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,
With earnest pace the heaven-sent friend attends:
Now down the river's sweepy stream they glide,
And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:
The Moor, with transport sparkling in his eyes,
The well-known make of GAMA's navy spies,
The bending bowsprit, and the mast so tall,
The sides black frowning as a castle wall,
The high-tower'd stern, the lordly nodding prore,
And the broad standard slowly waving o'er
The anchor's moony fangs. The skiff he leaves,
Brave GAMA's deck his bounding step receives;

As a Persian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmost terror prostrated himself before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in pursuit of him to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, eat part of it, and gave the rest to the fugitive, assuring him of safety. As they approached the house, they met a crowd who carried the murdered corse of the nobleman's beloved son. The incensed populace demanded the murderer, who stood beside him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten together, and I will not betray him." He protected the murderer of his son from the fury of his domestics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his escape.

And, Hail, he cries: in transport Gama sprung,
And round his neck with friendly welcome hung;
Enrapt so distant o'er the dreadful main
To hear the music of the tongue of Spain.
And now beneath a painted shade of state
Beside the Ammiral the stranger sate:
Of India's clime, the natives and the laws,
What monarch sways them, what religion awes?
Why from the tombs devoted to his sires
The son so far? the valiant Chief enquires.
In act to speak the stranger waves his hand,
The joyful crew in silent wonder stand,
Each gently pressing on with greedy ear,
As erst the bending forests stoopt to hear
In Rhodope*, when Orpheus' heavenly strain,
Deplored his lost Eurydice in vain;

* *In Rhodope*—The well-known fable of the descent of Orpheus to hell, and the second loss of his wife, is thus explained: Aëdoneus, king of Thesprotia, whose cruelty procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of hell, having seized Eurydice, as she fled from his friend Aristæus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his music, his wife was restored, on condition that he should not

While with a mien that generous friendship won
From every heart, the stranger thus begun:

Your glorious deeds, ye Lusians, well I know,
To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe;
Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere;
So taught my sires; my birth at proud Tangier,
An hostile clime to Lisboa's awful name,
I glow enraptured o'er the Lusian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories shine,
These proudest honours yield, O Chief, to thine;
Beneath thy dread achievements low they fall,
And India's shore, discovered, crowns them all.
Won by your fame, by fond affection sway'd,
A friend I come, and offer friendship's aid.
As on my lips Castilia's language glows,
So from my tongue the speech of India flows:
Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved,
For honest deeds, but time shall speak, approved.

look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Thesprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forfeited the condition, and irrecoverably lost his spouse.

When India's Monarch greets his court again,
For now the banquet on the tented plain
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ*;
When India's mighty Lord, with wondering joy,
Shall hail you welcome on his spacious shore
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myself shall glad Interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a stream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native shore;
On shores unknown, in distant worlds, how sweet
The kindred tongue the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and such, O heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous heaven, your glad success secures.
Till now impervious, heaven alone subdued
The various horrors of the trackless flood;
Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,
And heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.

* *For now the banquet on the tented plain,*
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ—The Great Mogul and other eastern sovereigns, attended with their courtiers, spend annually some months of the finest season in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amusements.

Vast are the shores of India's wealthful soil;
Southward sea-girt she forms a demi-isle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caspia's lake th' enormous mountain* spreads,
And bending eastward rears a thousand heads:
Far to extremest sea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through distant nations famed:
One eastward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the west gives his swoln tide to stray:
Declining southward many a land they lave,
And widely swelling roll the sea-like wave,
Till the twin offspring of the mountain sire
Both in the Indian deep ingulph'd expire.

* ——*th' enormous mountain*—Properly an immense chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucasus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamissus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus, extended through Tartary to the sea of Kamschatka.

Between these streams, fair smiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains display,
And many a league, far to the south they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose,
In conic form the Indian regions close.
To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites esteem'd divine:
Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,
Some the dread monsters of the wild adore;
Some bend to wood and stone the prostrate head,
And rear unhallowed altars to the dead.
By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions tell*,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the smell;
No food they knew, such fragrant vapours rose
Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, an heathen clan,

* ——*as wild traditions tell*—Pliny, imposed upon by some Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hist. Lib. 12. For a more circumstantial account of the superstitions of the Indians, see the notes to Book 10.

Stern Decam's sons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill,
Whose trust from every stain of guilt to save,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave;
If to the stream the breathless corpse be given
They deem the spirit wings her way to heaven.
Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends;
Unrivall'd smile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya* spreads her palmy dales;
A warlike realm, where still the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.
Narsinga here displays her spacious line;
In native gold her sons and ruby shine:
Alas, how vain! these gaudy sons of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.
And now behold;—and while he spoke he rose;
Now with extended arm the prospect shews,—
Behold these mountain-tops of various size
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy skies;

* *And here Cambaya*—Now called Gazarate. This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedrosia.

Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Here from the mountain to the surgy main,
Fair as a garden spreads the smiling plain:
And lo, the Empress of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut resplendent towers;
Hers every fragrance of the spicy shore,
Hers every gem of India's countless store:
Great Samoreem, her Lord's imperial style,
The mighty Lord of India's utmost soil:
To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,
And at his feet confess their borrowed sway.
Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient boast,
Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast*.
A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,
What time great Perimal the sceptre bore,
From blest Arabia's groves to India came:
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame

* *Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast.*—"Whatever Monzaida relates of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the histories of India, according to Barros, Castaneda, Maffeus, and Osorius. Our Author, in this, imitates Homer and Virgil, who are fond of every opportunity to introduce any curious custom or vestige of antiquity." *Castera.*

Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful strain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,
And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to close
His life's mild eve in prayer and sweet repose.
Gifts he prepares to deck the Prophet's tomb,
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,
Orixa's spices and Golconda's gems;
Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the transport of a father's name;
His servants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé sways,
The spicy Isle another Lord obeys:
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various Lords he yields.
While these and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful past:
Save Calicut, a city poor and small,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:
Grieved to behold such merit thus repaid,
The sapient youth the king of kings he made,

And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,
The lordly titled boast of power supreme.
And now great Perimal* resigns his reign,
The blissful bowers of Paradise to gain:
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India sinks for ever from his eyes.
And soon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, resort:
Wide o'er the shore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landscape round luxurious smiles.
And now her flag to every gale unfurl'd,
She towers the Empress of the eastern world:
Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,
And from thy stream such gifts, O Commerce flow.

From that sage youth, who first reign'd king of
He now who sways the tribes of India springs. [kings,

* *And now great Perimal*—According to tradition, about 800 years before Gama's voyage, Perimal, the sovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been instructed by some Arabian merchants, resolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He divided his empire into different sovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the Zamorim of Calicut,

Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, save where Nature whispers modest care,
Naked they blacken in the sultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never must join the conjugal embrace;
Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid,
Oh lost to joy, by cruel rites betray'd!
To spouse of other than their father's art,
At Love's connubial shrine unite the heart:
Nor may their sons, the genius and the view
Confined and fetter'd, other art pursue.
Vile were the stain, and deep the foul disgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race;
A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,
Can scarce his tainted purity restore*.
Poleas the labouring lower clans are named;
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed;

* *Can scarce his tainted purity restore.*—The different tribes of the Gentoos are prohibited from intermarrying, neither do they eat together, or drink out of the same vessel. If a nobleman should be touched by one of an inferior rank, nothing, says Osorius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution.

The toils of culture, and of art they scorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The shining faulchion brandish'd in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand
Around the king, a stern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the sacred name
Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim:
In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,
Brahma their founder* as a God they boast.

* *Brahma their founder*—According to Indian mythology, Brahma was one of three beings created by God, and with whose assistance he formed the world. The Brahmins devote themselves to the offices of religion, and many, from their belief in the transmigration of souls, abstain from all animal food, fearful lest they might devour what was once adored as a divinity. Their dreadful penances still continue; what can the true moralist think of the Brahmin, who (upon the authority of Mr. Dow) from religious principles, fixes his eyes on his nose till he can see in no other direction; he who clenches his fist till the nails grow out of the back of his hand; and he who twists his neck about, till his face is unalterably fixed backward? Yet to these penances we are told the Brahmin submits with the greatest patience, and considers them as the certain means of purification from sin. Yet however

To crown their meal no meanest life expires,
Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone in lewdness riotous and free,
No spousal ties withhold, and no degree:
Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms:
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend
The nuptial couch: alas, too blest, they know
Nor jealousy's suspense, nor burning woe;
The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.
But should my lips each wond'rous scene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will soon amazed behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the west would sink yon eastern sun.

austere in other respects, the Brahmins abandon themselves, without the least scruple, to the most abominable lusts; esteeming it the privilege of their sanctity to riot in the most guilty excesses; and such is the superstition of the Indians, that they cheerfully submit their wives and daughters to the arms of these idolaters, considering it an act of holiness, and a sign of the divine favour towards them, and his forgiveness of their past transgressions.

In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,
All balsams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile.

While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,
Wide o'er the coast the voice of Rumour swell'd;
As first some upland vapour seems to float
Small as the smoke of lonely shepherd cot,
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkness spreads,
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,
The leafless forest and the utmost lea;
And wide its black wings hover o'er the sea:
The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale,
And distant navies rear the mist-wet sail.
So Fame increasing, loud and louder grew,
And to the sylvan camp resounding flew;
A lordly band, she cries, of warlike mien,
Of face and garb in India never seen,
Of tongue unknown, through gulphs undared before,
Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian shore.
To hail their Chief the Indian Lord prepares,
And to the fleet he sends his banner'd Nayres:

As to the bay the nobles press along,
The wondering city pours th' unnumber'd throi
And now brave GAMA and his splendid train,
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,
In gilded barges slowly bend to shore,
While to the lute the gently-falling oar
Now breaks the surges of the briny tide,
And now the strokes the cold fresh stream divid
Pleased with the splendour of the Lusian band,
On every bank the crowded thousands stand.
Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood
The first great Minister of India stood,
The Catual his name in India's tongue;
To GAMA swift the lordly Regent sprung:
His open arms the valiant Chief enfold,
And now he lands him on the shore of gold:
With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet
The fearless heroes of the warlike fleet,
A couch on shoulders borne, in India's mode,
With gold the canopy and purple glow'd,
Receives the Lusian captain; equal rides
The lordly Catual, and onward guides,

While GAMA's train, and thousands of the throng
Of India's sons, encircling pour along.
To hold discourse in various tongues they try;
In vain; the accents unremember'd die
Instant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.
GAMA the while, and India's second Lord,
Hold glad responses, as the various word
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate
They past, and onward, tower'd in sumptuous state,
Before them now the sacred temple rose;
The portals wide the sculptured shrines disclose.
The Chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold
The gods of wood, cold stone, and shining gold;
Various of figure, and of various face,
As the foul Demon will'd the likeness base.
Taught to behold the rays of godhead shine
Fair imaged in the human face divine,
With sacred horror thrill'd, the Lusians viewed
The monster forms, Chimera-like, and rude*.

* *The monster-forms, Chimera-like, and rude*—Chimera, a monster slain by Bellerophon.

Here spreading horns an human visage bore;
So frown'd stern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandish'd wide;
So Titan's son* the race of heaven defy'd.
And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd:
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade
Grinn'd horrible. With vile prostrations low
Before these shrines the blinded Indians bow.
And now again the splendid pomp proceeds;
To India's Lord the haughty Regent leads.
To view the glorious Leader of the fleet
Increasing thousands swell o'er every street;
High o'er the roofs the struggling youths ascend,
The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,

> First, dire Chimera's conquest was enjoin'd,
> A mingled monster of no mortal kind;
> Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread,
> A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
> Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire,
> Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
>
> Pope's Il. vi.

* *So Titan's son*—Briareus.

The windows sparkle with the glowing blaze
Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays.
And now the train with solemn state and slow,
Approach the royal gate, through many a row
Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,
Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.
Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur spread,
Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head;
The citron groves around the windows glow'd,
And branching palms their grateful shade bestow'd;
The mellow light a pleasing radiance cast;
The marble walls Dædalian sculpture graced.
Here India's fate*, from darkest times of old,
The wondrous Artist on the stone inroll'd;
Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaspes' stream,
In fair array the marshall'd legions seem:
A youth of gleeful eye the squadrons led,
Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with purest red;

* *Here India's fate*—The description of the palace of the Zamorim, situated among aromatic groves, is according to history; the embellishment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's description of the Palace of king Latinus.

Around his spear the curling vine-leaves waved;
And by a streamlet of the river laved,
Behind her founder, Nysa's walls were rear'd;
So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,
Had Semele* beheld the smiling boy,
The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy.
Unnumber'd here were seen th' Assyrian throng,
That drank whole rivers as they march'd along:
Each eye seem'd earnest on their warrior queen,
High was her port, and furious was her mien;
Her valour only equall'd by her lust;
Fast by her side her courser paw'd the dust,
Her son's vile rival†; reeking to the plain
Fell the hot sweat-drops as he champt the rein.

* *Had Semele beheld the smiling boy*—The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabulists ascribed the Indian expedition of Sesostris or Osiris king of Egypt.

† *Her son's vile rival*—" The infamous passion of Semiramis for a horse, has all the air of a fable invented by the Greeks to signify the extreme libidiny of that queen. Her incestuous passion for her son Nynias, however, is confirmed by the testimony of the best authors. Shocked at such an horrid amour, Nynias ordered her to be put to death." *Castera.*

And here display'd, most glorious to behold,
The Grecian banners opening many a fold,
Seem'd trembling on the gale; at distance far
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war.
Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,
Here from the cuirass shoots the golden beam.
A proud-ey'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,
Of the bold veterans led the brown array;
Scornful of mortal birth enshrin'd he rode,
Call'd Jove his father*, and assumed the god.

While dauntless GAMA and his train survey'd
The sculptured walls, the lofty Regent said;
For nobler wars than these you wondering see
That ample space th' eternal fates decree:
Sacred to these th' unpictured wall remains,
Unconscious yet of vanquish'd India's chains.
Assured we know the awful day shall come,
Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom.

* *Call'd Jove his father*—The *bon mot* of Olympias on this pretension of her son Alexander, was admired by the ancients. "This hot-headed youth, forsooth, cannot be at rest unless he embroil me in a quarrel with Juno." QUINT. CURT.

The sons of Brahma, by the god their sire
Taught to illume the dread divining fire,
From the drear mansions of the dark abodes
Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods;
Then round the flame, while glimmering ghastly blue,
Behold the future scene arise to view.
The sons of Brahma in the magic hour
Beheld the foreign foe tremendous low'r;
Unknown their tongue, their face, and strange attire,
And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:
They saw the chief o'er prostrate India rear
The glittering terrors of his awful spear.
But swift behind these wintery days of woe
A spring of joy arose in liveliest glow,
Such gentle manners leagued with wisdom reign'd
In the dread victors, and their rage restrain'd:
Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India smiled.
So to the prophets of the Brahmin train
The visions rose, that never rose in vain.

The Regent ceased; and now with solemn pace
The Chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.

The tap'stried walls with gold were pictured o'er*,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor.
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing couch the Monarch sate,
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the silver pillars: High o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance shed:
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone.
Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,
Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.
An hoary sire submiss on bended knee,
(Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,
A leaf†, all fragrance to the glowing taste,
Before the king each little while replaced.

* *The tap'stried walls with gold were pictured o'er,*
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor.—According to Osorius.

† *A leaf*—The Betel. This is a particular luxury of the East. The Indians powder it with the fruit of *Areca*, or *drunken date tree*, and chew it, swallowing the juice. Its virtues, they say, preserve the teeth, strengthen the stomach, and incite to

The patriarch Brahmin, soft and slow he rose,
Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,
And leads him to the throne: in silent state
The Monarch's nod assigns the Captain's seat;
The Lusian train in humbler distance stand:
Silent the Monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke
The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke;

From where the crimson sun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the western waves,
I come, the herald of a mighty King,
And holy vows of lasting friendship bring

venery. It is so esteemed in India, that its origin is deri
from heaven. *Degastri*, one of the wives of the celes
spirits, carried *Argionem*, an Indian, one day to heaven, fr
whence he stole the *betel*, and planted it on earth. And
this reason, he who cultures the *betel*, must, as necessary to
thriving, steal the stock which he plants. The leaf is so l
our common ivy, that some Indian Ambassadors at Lisbon h
used the latter mixed with the Cypress apples instead of
areca, and have said, that in virtue it was much the same w
the Indian plant. Our dictionaries called the betel, the bast
pepper.

To thee, O Monarch, for resounding Fame
Far to the west has borne thy princely name,
All India's sovereign Thou! Nor deem I sue,
Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due.
Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile,
Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchant's toil,
From where the north-star gleams o'er seas of frost,
To Ethiopia's utmost burning coast,
Whate'er the sea, whate'er the land bestows,
In My great Monarch's realm unbounded flows.
Pleased thy high grandeur and renown to hear,
My Sovereign offers friendship's bands sincere:
Mutual he asks them, naked of disguise,
Then every bounty of the smiling skies
Shower'd on his shore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful Commerce on each shore bestow.
Our might in war, what vanquish'd nations fell
Beneath our spear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendship then thy honest wish explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes shall roar.

Our banners o'er the crimson field shall sweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,
Till not a foe against thy land shall rear
Th' invading bowsprit, or the hostile spear;
My King, thy brother, thus thy wars shall join,
The glory his, the gainful harvest thine.

Brave GAMA spake: the Pagan King replies,
From lands which now behold the morning rise,
While eve's dim clouds the Indian sky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet shall our will in silence rest unknown,
Till what your land, and who the King you own,
Our Council deeply weigh. Let joy the while,
And the glad feast the fleeting hours beguile.
Ah! to the wearied mariner, long tost
O'er briny waves, how sweet the long-sought coast!
The night now darkens; on the friendly shore
Let soft repose your wearied strength restore,
Assured an answer from our lips to bear,
Which, not displeased, your Sovereign Lord shall hear.

More now we add not*—From the hall of state
Withdrawn, they now approach the Regent's gate;
The sumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride
Heap'd on the board the royal feast supplied.
Now o'er the dew-drops of the eastern lawn
Gleamed the pale radiance of the star of dawn,
The valiant GAMA on his couch reposed,
And balmy rest each Lusian eye-lid closed;
When the high Catual, watchful to fulfil
The cautious mandates of his Sovereign's will,
In secret converse with the Moor retires,
And, earnest, much of Lusus' sons enquires;
What laws, what holy rites, what monarch sway'd
The warlike race? When thus the just Mozaide:

The land from whence these warriors well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapless birth I owe)
Illustrious Spain, along whose western shores
Grey-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—

* *More now we add not*—The tenor of this first conversation between the Zamorim and Gama, is according to the truth of history.

A wond'rous prophet gave their holy lore,
The Godlike Seer a virgin-mother bore,
Th' Eternal Spirit on the human race,
So be they taught, bestow'd such awful grace.
In war unmatch'd they rear the trophied crest:
What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breast*,
When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told
How from the lawns, where crystalline and cold,
The Guadiana rolls his murmuring tide;
And those where, purple by the Tago's side,
The lengthening vineyards glisten o'er the field;
Their warlike sires my routed sires expell'd.
Nor paused their rage; the furious seas they braved;
Nor loftiest walls, nor castled mountains saved;

* *What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breast*—The enthusiasm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portuguese, may perhaps to some appear unnatural. Camoens seems to be aware of this by giving a reason for that enthusiasm in the first speech of Monzaida to Gama;

Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,
And heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.

That this Moor did conceive a great affection for Gama, whose religion he embraced, and to whom he proved of the utmost service, is according to the truth of history.

Round Afric's thousand bays their navies rode,
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.
Nor less, let Spain through all her kingdoms own,
O'er other foes their dauntless valour shone:
Let Gaul confess, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.
No foreign lance could e'er their rage restrain,
Unconquer'd still the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, secure your care may trust
The answer of their lips, so nobly just,
Conscious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly souls the gilded lie disdain.
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The shore with trembling hears the dreadful sound,
And rampired walls lie smoking on the ground.
Speed to the fleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wise in peace, in war how dread, survey.

With keen desire the craftful Pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,

To view the fleet his splendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly Nayres,
The shore they cover, now the oar-men sweep
The foamy surface of the azure deep:
And now brave PAULUS gives the friendly hand,
And high on GAMA's lofty deck they stand.
Bright to the day the purple sail-cloths glow,
Wide to the gale the silken ensigns flow;
The pictured flags display the warlike strife;
Bold seem the heroes as inspired by life.
Here arm to arm the single combat strains,
Here burns the battle on the tented plains
General and fierce; the meeting lances thrust,
And the black blood seems smoking on the dust.
With earnest eyes the wondering Regent views
The pictured warriors, and their history sues.
But now the ruddy juice, by Noah found*,
In foaming goblets circled swiftly round,
And o'er the deck swift rose the festive board;
Yet smiling oft, refrains the Indian Lord:

* ——the ruddy juice by Noah found—Gen. ix. 20. *And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine,* &c.

His faith forbad with other tribe to join
The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine†.
In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,
The battle sounds the Lusian trumpets rear;
Loud burst the thunders of the arms of fire,
Slow round the sails the clouds of smoke aspire,
And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day,
The Lusian war, in dreadful pomp, display.
In deepest thought the careful Regent weigh'd
The pomp and power at GAMA's nod bewray'd,
Yet seem'd alone in wonder to behold
The glorious heroes and the wars half told
In silent poesy—Swift from the board
High crown'd with wine, uprose the Indian Lord;
Both the bold GAMAS, and their generous Peer,
The brave COELLO, rose, prepared to hear,
Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply:
Fixt and enquiring was the Regent's eye:

† *His faith forbade with other tribe to join*
The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine.—The opinion of the sacredness of the table is very ancient in the East. It is plainly to be discovered in the history of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs.

The warlike image of an hoary sire,
Whose name shall live till earth and time expire,
His wonder fixt; and more than human glow'd
The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;
A bough, his ensign, in his right he waved,
A leafy bough—But I, fond man depraved!
Where would I speed, as mad'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's stream!
Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through low'ring tempests and a boundless sea.
Oh then, propitious hear your son implore,
And guide my vessel to the happy shore.
Ah! see how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coast around me rose,
As dragg'd by Fortune's chariot wheels along
I sooth'd my sorrows with the warlike song*;
Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,
And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground;

* ——*the warlike song*—Though Camoens began his Lusiad in Portugal, almost the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his Life.

Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war
Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care:
As Canace* of old, ere self-destroy'd,
One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The guest dependent at the Lordling's board:
Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost†; myself escaped alone,
On the wild shore all friendless, hopeless, thrown;
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore‡,
By miracle prolong'd; yet not the more
To end my sorrows: woes succeeding woes
Belied my earnest hopes of sweet repose:

* *As Canace*—Daughter of Eolus. Her father having thrown her incestuous child to the dogs, sent her a sword, with which she slew herself. In Ovid she writes an epistle to her husband-brother, where she thus describes herself;

Dextra tenet calamum, strictum tenet altera ferrum.

† *Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave*
For ever lost—See the Life of Camoens.

‡ *My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore*—Hezekiah. See Isaiah xxxviii.

In place of bays around my brows to shed
Their sacred honours, o'er my destined head
Foul Calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary jail*.
Such was the meed, alas! on me bestow'd,
Bestow'd by those for whom my numbers glow'd,
By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.

Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,
Ah, see what letter'd Patron-Lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured Muse bewails:
No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
Though to the Muse their fairest fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future Priest of Fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim

* *And left me mourning in a dreary jail*—This, and the whole paragraph from

Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,

alludes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumstance relates particularly to the base and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy shipwreck. See his Life.

Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,
Be still my dearest joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow; Nor king, nor loftiest peer
Shall e'er from Me the song of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worst foe: Nor he whose raging ire,
And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud;
Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,
Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:
Who spurns the Muse, nor feels the raptured strain,
Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain:
For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine:
He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his King, his country, and his God,
On his blest head my hands shall fix the crown
Wove of the deathless laurels of Renown.

In several parts of the Lusiad the Portuguese Poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine spirit of Homer and Virgil. The seventh Lusiad throughout bears a striking resemblance to the seventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the same; Æneas lands in Italy, and Gama in India; but the conduct of Camoens, in his masterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands observation. Had Statius or Ovid described the landing or reception of Æneas, we should undoubtedly have been presented with pictures different from those of the pencil of Virgil. We should have seen much bustle and fire, and perhaps much smoke and false dignity. Yet if we may judge from the Odyssey, Homer, had he written the Æneid, would have written as the Roman Poet wrote, would have presented us with a calm majestic narrative, till every circumstance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camoens followed him, as far as the different nature of his subject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of the new-landed strangers. Æneas enters Latium. The dinner on the grass, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jest. He sends ambassadors to Latinus, whose palace is described. The embassy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the assistance of the Fiends, and the truce is broken. Æneas, admonished in a dream, seeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tyber, the court of Evander, and the sacrifices in which he was employed, are particularly described. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earnest hurry. These are judiciously reserved for their after and proper place. In the same manner Camoens lands his hero in India; and though in some circum-

stances the resemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was conscious of his own strength, and not as a Copyist. He has not deserved that shrewd satire which Mr. Pope, not unjustly, throws on Virgil himself. "Had the galley of *Sergestus* been broken, says he, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demolished? Or *Mnestheus* been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat?" In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the seventh and eighth Æneid, is judiciously copied, as most proper for the subject; and with the hand of a master characteristically sustained throughout the seventh book of the Poem which celebrates the discovery of the Eastern World.

END OF BOOK VII.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VIII.

ı eye unmoved the silent CATUAL view'd
ctured Sire with seeming life endued;
lant vine-bough waving in his right,
ı flowed his sweepy beard of glossy white;
thus, as swift the Moor unfolds the word,
ıliant Paulus to the Indian Lord:

l though these figures frown, yet bolder far
godlike heroes shined in ancient war.
t hoar sire, of mien serene, august,
behold, no robber-chief unjust;

His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus bore*,
He waves, the emblem of his care of yore;
The friend of savage man, to Bacchus dear,
The son of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,
What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,
The youthful god subdued the savage world,
Bade vineyards glisten o'er the dreary waste,
And humanized the nations as he past.
Lusus, the loved companion of the god,
In Spain's fair bosom fixt his last abode,
Our kingdom founded, and illustrious reign'd
In those fair lawns, the blest Elysium feign'd†,

* *His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus bore*—Camoens immediately before, and in the former book, calls the ensign of Lusus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrsus of Bacchus,

O verde Tyrso foi de Bacco usado.

The thyrsus however was a javelin twisted with ivy-leaves, used in the sacrifices of Bacchus.

† *In those fair lawns the blest Elysium feign'd*—In this assertion our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation sufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting several Spanish writers, particularly *Barbosa*, who seriously affirm that Homer drew the fine description of Elysium, in his fourth Odyssey, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where in one of his voy-

Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.

ages, it is said, he arrived. Egypt, however, seems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corpse over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceased, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refused the honours of sepulture. The place of the Catacombs, according to Diodorus Siculus, was surrounded with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderness of groves. And it is universally known that the greatest part of the Grecian fables were fabricated from the customs and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have also claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the Blessed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, says an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician sailors. That these navigators traded to the coasts of Britain is certain. In the middle of summer, the season when the ancients performed their voyages, for about six weeks there is no night over the Orkney islands; the disk of the sun during that time scarcely sinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which usually prevails at that season, and the beautiful verdure of the islands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that these islands were inhabited by the spirits of the Just. This, says our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his islands of the

Here with his bones he left his deathless fame,
And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.
That other chief th' embroider'd silk displays,
Tost o'er the deep whole years of weary days,
On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid:
To Wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born Maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed shrine:
Ulysses he, though fated to destroy
On Asian ground the heaven-built towers of Troy*

Happy at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables Scylla, the Gorgades, and several others, were founded on t accounts of navigators, seems probable; and on this suppo tion the Insulæ Fortunatæ, and Prupurariæ, now the Canary a Madeira islands, also claim the honour of giving colours the description of Elysium. The truth however appears to this; That a place of happiness is reserved for the spirits the Good is the natural suggestion of that anxiety and hc concerning the future, which animates the human breast. . the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placi their heaven in beautiful islands at an immense distance o the ocean. The idea is universal, and is natural to evi nation in the state of barbarous simplicity.

* —— *the heaven-built towers of Troy*—Alluding to the fa of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,
He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa rise*.

But who that godlike terror of the plain,
Who strews the smoking field with heaps of slain?
What numerous legions fly in dire dismay,
Whose standards wide the eagle's wings display?
The Pagan asks; the brother Chief† replies, [flies.
Unconquer'd deem'd proud Rome's dread standard
His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,
The hero shepherd Viriatus rose;
His country saved proclaim'd his warlike fame,
And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.
That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore‡,
To him they shew'd not; for they fear'd him more.

* *On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,*
He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa rise—For some account of this tradition see the note, page 28, Vol. II.

† *——the brother Chief*—Paulus de Gama.

‡ *That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore*—When Pyrrhus king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his physician offered to poison him. The senate rejected the proposal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the designed treason. Florus re-

Not on the field o'ercome by manly force;
Peaceful he slept, and now a murder'd corse
By treason slain he lay. How stern, behold,
That other hero, firm, erect, and bold:
The power by which he boasted he divined,
Beside him pictur'd stands, the milk white hind;
Injured by Rome, the stern Sertorius fled
To Tago's shore, and Lusus' offspring led;
Their worth he knew; in scatter'd flight he drove
The standards painted with the birds of Jove.
And lo, the flag whose shining colours own
The glorious Founder of the Lusian throne!
Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race*,
Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace.
From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,
Galicia's sons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,

marks on the infamous assassination of Viriatus, that the Roman senate did him great honour; *ut videretur aliter vinci non potuisse;* it was a confession that they could not otherwise conquer him. Vid. Flor. l. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, see the note on page 14, Vol. I.

* *Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race*—See the note on page 13, Vol. II.

To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads,
His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,
By holy war to sanctify his crown,
And to his latest race auspicious waft it down.

And who this awful Chief? aloud exclaims
The wondering Regent, o'er the field he flames
In dazzling steel, where'er he bends his course
The battle sinks beneath his headlong force;
Against his troops, though few, the numerous foes
In vain their spears and towery walls oppose.
With smoking blood his armour sprinkled o'er,
High to the knees his courser paws in gore;
O'er crowns and blood-stain'd ensigns scatter'd round
He rides; his courser's brazen hoofs resound.
In that great chief, the second GAMA cries,
The first Alonzo* strikes thy wondering eyes.
From Lusus' realm the Pagan Moors he drove;
Heaven, whom he loved, bestow'd on him such love,
Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,
The Moorish strength lay prostrate on the ground.

* *The first Alonzo*—King of Portugal. See page 25, Vol. II.

Nor Ammon's son, nor greater Julius dared
With troops so few, with hosts so numerous warr'd:
Nor less shall Fame the subject heroes own:
Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown!
On his young pupil's flight* his burning eyes
He darts, and, Turn thy flying host, he cries,
Back to the field—The Veteran and the Boy
Back to the field exult with furious joy:
Their ranks mow'd down, the boastful foe recedes,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.
Again that mirror of unshaken faith,
Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to death†.
Beneath Castilia's sword his monarch lay;
Homage he vow'd his helpless king should pay;

* *On his young pupil's flight*—"Some, indeed most writers say, that the queen *(of whom see* p. 15, Vol. II.) advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Munitz, engaged the army of the queen a second time, and gained a complete victory." Univ. Hist.

† *Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to death.*—See the same story, page 19, Vol. II.

His haughty king relieved, the treaty spurns,
With conscious pride the noble Egaz burns;
His comely spouse, and infant race he leads,
Himself the same, in sentenced felon's weeds;
Around their necks the knotted halters bound,
With naked feet they tread the flinty ground;
And prostrate now before Castilia's throne
Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.
Ah! Rome no more thy generous consul boast*,
Whose lorn submission saved his ruin'd host:
No father's woes assail'd his stedfast mind;
The dearest ties the Lusian chief resign'd.

There, by the stream, a Town besieged behold,
The Moorish tents the shatter'd walls infold.
Fierce as the lion from the covert springs,
When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings;
From ambush, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,
And whelms in sudden rout th' astonish'd Moors.

* *Ah Rome! no more thy generous consul boast*—Sc. Postumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, submitted to the indignity of passing under the yoke or gallows.

The Moorish king* in captive chains he sends;
And low at Lisboa's throne the royal captive bends.
Fuaz again the artist's skill displays;
Far o'er the ocean shine his ensign's rays:
In crackling flames the Moorish galleys fly,
And the red blaze ascends the blushing sky:
O'er Avila's high steep the flames aspire,
And wrap the forests in a sheet of fire:
There seem the waves beneath the prows to boil;
And distant far around for many a mile
The glassy deep reflects the ruddy blaze;
Far on the edge the yellow light decays, [dread
And blends with hovering blackness. Great and
Thus shone the day when first the combat bled,

* *The Moorish king*—The Alcaydes, or tributary Governors under the Miramolin or Emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spanish and Portuguese writers stiled kings. He who was surprized and taken prisoner by Don Fuaz Roupinho was named *Gama*. Fuaz, after having gained the first naval victory of the Portuguese, also experienced their first defeat. With one and twenty sail he attacked fifty-four large gallies of the Moors. The sea, says Brandan, which had lately furnished him with trophies, now supplied him with a tomb.

The first our heroes battled on the main,
The glorious prelude of our naval reign,
Which now the waves beyond the burning zone,
And northern Greenland's frost-bound billows own.
Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight!
O'erpower'd he sinks beneath the Moorish might;
Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,
And lo, his soul triumphant mounts the skies.
Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,
A foreign navy brings the pious aid*.
Lo, marching from the decks the squadrons spread,
Strange their attire, their aspect firm and dread.
The holy Cross their ensigns bold display,
To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way;
Yet first, the cause the same, on Tago's shore
They die their maiden swords in Pagan gore.
Proud stood the Moor on Lisboa's warlike towers;
From Lisboa's walls they drive the Moorish powers:
Amid the thickest of the glorious fight,
Lo, Henry falls, a gallant German knight,

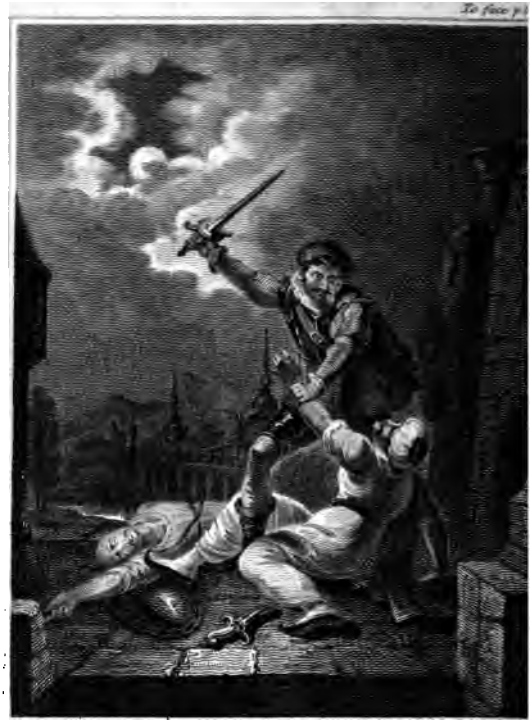
* *A foreign navy brings the pious aid*—A navy of crusaders, mostly English. See page 29, Vol. II.

A martyr falls: That holy tomb behold,
There waves the blossom'd palm the boughs of gold:
O'er Henry's grave the sacred plant arose,
And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant flows*.

Aloft, unfurl; the valiant Paulus cries;
Instant new wars on new-spread ensigns rise.
In robes of white behold a priest advance†!
His sword in splinters smites the Moorish lance:
Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall:
And lo, on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,
How boldly calm amid the crashing spears,
That hero-form the Lusian standard rears.

* *And from the leaves*—This Legend is mentioned by some ancient Portuguese chronicles. Homer would have availed himself, as Camoens has done, of a tradition so enthusiastical, and characteristic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologne. His tomb, says Castera, is still to be seen in the Monastery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

† *In robes of white behold a priest advance*—"Theotonius, prior of the Regulars of St. Augustine of Conymbra. Some ancient Chronicles relate this circumstance as mentioned by Camoens. Modern writers assert, that he never quitted his breviary." *Castera*



Drawn by J. W. Harding. Engraved by C.

LUSIAD.

Book 8.

London Published by J. Harding March 1807

There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain:
[illegible], rushing through the Moors o'er hills of slain
[illegible] hero rides, and proves by genuine claim
[illegible] son of Egas*, and his worth the same.
[illegible]ced by his dart the standard-bearer dies;
[illegible]ath his feet the Moorish standard lies:
[illegible]'er the field, behold the glorious blaze!
[illegible] victor-youth the Lusian flag displays.
While the moon through midnight azure rides,
[illegible] the high wall adown his spear-staff glides
[illegible] dauntless Gerrald*: in his left he bears
[illegible] watchmen's heads, his right the falchion rears:

The son of Egas—He was named Mem Munitz, and was [illegible] of Egas Munitz, celebrated for the surrender of himself and [illegible]y to the king of Castile, as already mentioned.

The dauntless Gerrald—"He was a man of rank, who, in [illegible] to avoid the legal punishment to which several crimes [illegible]ed him obnoxious, put himself at the head of a party [illegible] freebooters. Tiring however, of that life, he resolved to reconcile himself to his sovereign by some noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who soon became masters of the place. This exploit had its desired effect. The

The gate he opens; swift from ambush rise
His ready bands, the city falls his prize:
Evora still the grateful honour pays,
Her banner'd flag the mighty deed displays:
There frowns the hero; in his left he bears
The two cold heads, his right the falchion rears.
Wrong'd by his king*, and burning for revenge,
Behold his arms that proud Castilian change;
The Moorish buckler on his breast he bears,
And leads the fiercest of the Pagan spears.
Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,
And now to Tago bends his furious course.
Another fate he met on Tago's shore,
Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore;

king pardoned Gerrald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a sword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city.' *Castera.*

* *Wrong'd by his king*—Don Pedro Fernando de Castro, injured by the family of *Lara*, and denied redress by the king o Castile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms against hi native country. At the head of a Moorish army he committe several outrages in Spain; but was totally defeated in Portugal

His bleeding army strew'd the thirsty ground,
And captive chains the rageful Leader bound.
Resplendent far that holy chief behold!
Aside he throws the sacred staff of gold,
And wields the spear of steel. How bold advance
The numerous Moors, and with the rested lance
Hem round the trembling Lusians! Calm and bold
Still towers the priest, and lo, the skies unfold*:
Cheer'd by the vision brighter than the day
The Lusians trample down the dread array
Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain
Low with their slaves four haughty kings lie slain.
In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,
Before his rushing host Alcazar falls.

* ——*and lo, the skies unfold*—" According to some ancient Portuguese histories, Don Matthew, Bishop of Lisbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted to reduce Alcazar, then in possession of the Moors. His troops being suddenly surrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly, when, at the prayers of the Bishop, a venerable old man, clothed in white, with a red cross on his breast, appeared in the air. The miracle dispelled the fears of the Portuguese; the Moors were defeated, and the conquest of Alcazar crowned the victory." *Castera.*

There, by his altar, now the hero shines,
And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.
That chief behold: though proud Castilia's host
He leads, his birth shall Tagus ever boast.
As a pent flood bursts headlong o'er the strand
So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:
Nor rampired town, nor castled rock afford
The refuge of defence from Payo's sword.
By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,
And Tavila's high walls at middle day
Fearless he scales: her streets in blood deplore
The seven brave hunters murdered by the Moor*.

* ———*her streets in blood deplore*
The seven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor—"During a truce with the Moors, six cavaliers of the order of St. James were, while on a hunting party, surrounded and killed by a numerous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen sold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who chanced to pass that way, came generously to their assistance, and lost his life along with them. The Poet, in giving all seven the same title, shews us that virtue constitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Correa, grand master of the order of St. James, revenged the death of these brave unfortunates, by the sack of Tavila, where his just rage put the garrison to the sword." *Castera.*

These three bold knights how dread*! Thro' Spain
and France
At just and tournay with the tilted lance
Victors they rode: Castilia's court beheld
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour swell'd:
The bravest of the Three their swords surround;
Brave Ribeir strews them vanquish'd o'er the ground.
Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on fire,
That darling son of warlike Fame admire!
Prostrate at proud Castilia's monarch's feet
His land lies trembling: lo, the nobles meet;
Softly they seem to breathe, and forward bend
The servile neck; each eye distrusts his friend;
Fearful each tongue to speak; each bosom cold:
When colour'd with stern rage, erect and bold

* *These three bold knights how dread!*—Nothing can give us a stronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of these champions, who were gentlemen of birth; and who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in quest of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro; Fernando Martinez de Santarene; and Vasco Lopez, foster brother to Mary, queen of Castile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

The hero rises; Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its base; my native king alone
Shall reign—Then rushing to the fight he leads;
Low vanquish'd in the dust Castilia bleeds.
Where proudest hope might deem it vain to dare,
God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.
Though fierce as numerous are the hosts that dwe
By Betis' stream, these hosts before him fell.
The fight behold: while absent from his bands,
Prest on the step of flight his army stands,
To call the chief an herald speeds away:
Low on his knees the gallant chief survey!
He pours his soul, with lifted hands implores,
And heaven's assisting arm, inspired, adores.
Panting and pale the herald urges speed:
With holy trust of victory decreed,
Careless he answers, Nothing urgent calls:
And soon the bleeding foe before him falls.
To Numa thus the pale Patricians fled;
The hostile squadron's o'er the kingdom spread,
They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,
And I, behold, am offering sacrifice!

rnest I see thy wondering eyes enquire
ho this illustrious chief, his country's sire?
e Lusian Scipio well might speak his fame,
t nobler Nunio shines a greater name:
earth's green bosom, or on ocean grey,
greater never shall the Sun survey.

Known by the silver cross and sable shield,
o knights of Malta there command the field;
m Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey,
d the tired ox lows on his weary way:
hen, as the falcon through the forest glade
rts on the leveret, from the brown-wood shade
rts Roderic on their rear; in scatter'd flight
ey leave the goodly herds the victor's right.
ain, behold, in gore he bathes his sword;
s captive friend*, to liberty restored,

* *His captive friend*—Before John I. mounted the throne of rtugal, one Vasco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. deric de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having covered that he was in the interest of the king of Castile, ve him from his town and fortress. On the establishment

Glows to review the cause that wrought his woe,
The cause, his loyalty as taintless snow.
Here Treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes*,
Low grovelling in the dust the Traitor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: Again, behold,
Chariot and steed in purple slaughter roll'd:

of King John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of the prince, but no sooner was he re-instated in the garrison, than he delivered it up to the Castilians; and plundered the house of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made prisoner; and under a numerous party, ordered to be sent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the escort, and set his friend at liberty. *Castera.*

* *Here treason's well earn'd meed allures thine eyes*—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, some holding with John the newly-elected king, and others with the king of Castile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Major, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the interest of his native prince, and a conference, with the usual assurances of safety, was agreed to. Marin, at this meeting seized upon Elvas, and sent him prisoner to his castle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traiterous Marin, notwithstanding the endeavours of their captain to save his life, met the reward of his treason from the soldiers of Elvas. *Partly from Castera.*

Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain
Around him reeks the noblest blood of Spain.

Here Lisboa's spacious harbour meets the view;
How vast the foe's, the Lusian fleet how few!
Casteel's proud war-ships, circling round, inclose
The Lusian galleys; through their thundering rows,
Fierce pressing on, Pereira fearless rides,
His hooked irons grasp the Ammiral's sides:
Confusion maddens; on the dreadless knight
Castilia's navy pours its gather'd might:
Pereira dies, their self-devoted prey,
And safe the Lusian galleys speed away*.

Lo, where the lemon-trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool shadows o'er the crystal rill;

* *And safe the Lusian galleys speed away*—A numerous fleet of the Castilians being on their way to lay siege to Lisbon, Ray Pereyra, the Portuguese commander, seeing no possibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spanish admiral. The fury of his onset put the Castilians in disorder, and allowed the Portuguese galleys a safe escape. In this brave piece of service the gallant Pereyra lost his life. *Castera.*

There twice two hundred fierce Castilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Lusian race enclose:
Forlorn they seem; but taintless flow'd their blood
From those three hundred who of old withstood,
Withstood, and from a thousand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the shepherd* bore
The leader's staff of Lusus: equal flame
Inspired these few†, their victory the same.
Though twenty lances brave each single spear,
Never the foes superior might to fear
Is our inheritance, our native right,
Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.

That dauntless earl behold; on Libya's coast,
Far from the succour of the Lusian host‡,

* ——*the shepherd*—Viriatus.

† ——*equal flame inspired these few*—The Castilians having laid siege to Almada, a fortress on a mountain near Lisbon, the garrison, in the utmost distress for water, were obliged at times to make sallies to the bottom of the hill in quest of it. Seventeen Portuguese thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortress. *Castera.*

‡ *Far from the succour of the Lusian host*—When Alonzo V.

Twice hard besieged he holds the Ceutan towers
Against the banded might of Afric's powers.
That other earl*;—behold the port he bore;
So trod stern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.
What groves of spears Alcazar's gates surround!
There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.
A thousand ensigns glittering to the day
The waning moon's slant silver horns display;
In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,
The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.
In hopeless conflict lost his king appears;
Amid the the thickest of the Moorish spears

took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes, was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortress; which, on account of the uncertainty of succour from Portugal, and the earnest desire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his post in two severe sieges.

* *That other earl*—He was the natural son of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants, was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and some others under him, at the expence of their own lives, purchased the safe retreat of their sovereign.

Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious strife
He dies, and dying saves his sovereign's life.

Illustrious, lo, two brother-heroes shine*,
Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;
To every king of princely Europe known,
In every court the gallant Pedro shone.
The glorious Henry†—kindling at his name
Behold my sailors' eyes all sparkle flame!

* ——*two brother-heroes shine*—The sons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulysses of his age, on account both of his eloquence and his voyages. He visited almost every court of Europe, but he principally distinguished himself in Germany, where, under the standards of the emperor Sigismond, he signalized his valour in the war against the Turks. *Castera.*

† *The glorious Henry*—In pursuance of the reasons assigned in the dissertation, the translator has here taken the liberty to make a transposition in the order of his author. In Camoens, Don Pedro de Menezes, and his son De Vian, conclude the description of the pictured ensigns. Don Henry, the greatest man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the best title to close this procession of the Lusian heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to sum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be

Henry the chief, who first, by heaven inspired,
To deeds unknown before, the sailor fired;

oped has even some critical propriety. It remains now to ake a few observations on this seeming episode of Camoens. he shield of Achilles has had many imitators, some in one egree, others in another. The imitation of Ariosto, in the XIII canto of his Orlando Furioso, is most fancifully inge-ious; and on this undoubtedly the Portuguese poet had is eye. Pharamond, king of France, having resolved to onquer Italy, desires the friendship of Arthur, king of Bri-in. Arthur sends Merlin the magician to assist him with dvice. Merlin, by his supernatural art, raises a sumpt-ous hall, on the sides of which all the future wars, un-rtunate to the French in their invasions of Italy, are ainted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greatest masters. description of these pictures, an episode much longer than is of Camoens, is given to the heroiné Bradamant, by the night who kept the castle of Sir Tristram, where the inchanted all was placed. But though the poetry be pleasing, the whole ction, unless to amuse the warlike lady, has nothing to do ith the action of the poem. Unity of design, however, is either claimed by Ariosto in the exordium of his work, nor tempted in the execution. An examination therefore of the nduct of Homer and Virgil will be more applicable to Ca-oens. To give a landscape of the face of the country which the scene of action, or to describe the heroes and their ar-our, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's autiful description of Eden, and the admirable painting of e shield of Achilles, are like the embroidery of a suit of

The conscious sailor left the sight of shore,
And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.

clothes, a part of the subject, and injure not the gracefulne of the make; or in other words, destroy not the unity of th action. Yet let it be observed, that admirable as they are, th pictures on the shield of Achilles, considered by themselve have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If six of the apart ments may be said to rouse the hero to war, the other six ma with equal justice be called an obvious admonition or a charg to turn husbandman. In that part of the Æneid where Virgi greatly improves upon his master, in the visions of his futur race which Anchises gives to Æneas in Elysium, the busines of the poem is admirably sustained, and the hero is inspired t encounter every danger on the view of so great a reward. Th description of the shield of Æneas however is less connecte with the *conduct* of the fable. Virgil, indeed, intended tha his poem should contain all the honours of his country, an has therefore charged the shield of his hero with what parts o the Roman history were omitted in the vision of Elysium But so foreign are these pictures to the war with Turnus, tha the poet himself tells us Æneas was ignorant of the histor which they contained.

Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis
Miratur: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.

These observations, which the translator believes have e caped the critics, were suggested to him by the conduct o Camoens, whose design, like that of Virgil, was to write poem which might contain all the triumphs of his countr As the shield of Æneas supplies what could not be introduc

The various wealth of every distant land
He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.
The ocean's great Discoverer he shines;
Nor less his honours in the martial lines:
The painted flag the cloud-wrapt siege displays;
There Ceuta's rocking wall its trust betrays.
Black yawns the breach; the point of many a spear
Gleams through the smoke; loud shouts astound the ear.

in the vision of Elysium, so the ensigns of Gama complete the purpose of the third and fourth Lusiads. The use of that long episode, the conversation with the king of Melinda, and its connection with the subject, have been already observed. The seeming episode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promise,

And all my country's wars the song adorn—

is also admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally desire to be informed of the country, the history, and power of their foreign visitors, and Paulus sets it before their eyes. In every progression of the scenery the business of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are struck with the warlike grandeur and power of the strangers, and to accept of their friendship, or to prevent the forerunners of so martial a nation from carrying home the tidings of the Discovery of India, becomes the great object of their consideration. And from the passions of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great catastrophe of the Lusiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

Whose step first trod the dreadful pass? whose swor
Hew'd its dark way, first with the foe begored?
'Twas thine, O glorious Henry, first to dare
The dreadful pass, and thine to close the war.
Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore
The boastful pride of Afric tower'd no more.

Numerous though these, more numerous warrior
Th' illustrious glory of the Lusian line. [shin
But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous pride*!
Friendless the master of the pencil died;

* *But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous pride*—In th original,

Mas faltamlhes pincel, faltamlhes cores,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.

"But the pencil was wanting, colours were wanting, honou reward, favour, the nourisher of the arts." This seemed t the translator as an impropriety, and contrary to the purpos of the whole speech of Paulus, which was to give the Catual high idea of Portugal. In the fate of the imaginary painte the Lusian poet gives us the picture of his own, and resentmen wrung this impropriety from him. The spirit of the complai however is preserved in the translation. The couplet,

Immortal fame his deathless labours gave;
Poor man, He sunk neglected to the grave!

is not in the original. It is the sigh of indignation over t unworthy fate of the unhappy Camoens.

Immortal fame his deathless labours gave;
Poor man, He sunk neglected to the grave!

The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd
The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd.
Still o'er and o'er, and still again untired,
The wondering Regent of the wars enquired;
Still wondering heard the various pleasing tale,
Till o'er the decks cold sighed the evening gale:
The falling darkness dimm'd the eastern shore,
And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar
Far to the west, when with his noble band
The thoughtful Regent sought his native strand.

O'er the tall mountain-forest's waving boughs
Aslant the new-moon's slender horns arose;
Near her pale chariot shone a twinkling star,
And, save the murmuring of the wave afar,
Deep-brooding silence reign'd; each labour closed
In sleep's soft arms the sons of toil reposed.
And now no more the moon her glimpses shed,
A sudden black-wing'd cloud the sky o'erspread,

A sullen murmur through the woodland groan'd,
In woe-swoln sighs the hollow winds bemoan'd;
Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering shower,
Increased the horrors of the evil hour.
Thus when the God of Earthquakes rocks the ground,
He gives the prelude in a dreary sound;
O'er Nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,
With dismal note the cock unusual crows,
A shrill-voiced howling trembles through the air
As passing ghosts were weeping in despair;
In dismal yells the dogs confess their fear,
And shivering own some dreadful presence near.
So lower'd the night, the sullen howl the same,
And mid the black-wing'd gloom stern Bacchus came;
The form and garb of Hagar's son he took,
The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look*,
Then o'er the pillow of a furious priest,
Whose burning zeal the Koran's lore profest,

* *The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look.*—Mohammed by all historians, is described as of a pale livid complexion and *trux aspectus et vox terribilis*, of a fierce threatening aspect voice, and demeanour.

Revealed he stood conspicuous in a dream,
His semblance shining as the moon's pale gleam:
And guard, he cries, my son, O timely guard,
Timely defeat the dreadful snare prepared:
And canst thou careless, unaffected sleep,
While these stern lawless rovers of the deep
Fix on thy native shore a foreign throne,
Before whose steps thy latest race shall groan!
He spoke; cold horror shook the Moorish priest;
He wakes, but soon reclines in wonted rest:
An airy phantom of the slumbering brain
He deem'd the vision; when the Fiend again,
With sterner mien and fiercer accent spoke;
Oh faithless! worthy of the foreign yoke!
And knowest thou not thy Prophet sent by heaven,
By whom the Koran's sacred lore was given,
God's chiefest gift to men: and must I leave
The bowers of Paradise, for you to grieve,
For you to watch, while thoughtless of your woe
Ye sleep, the careless victims of the foe;
The foe, whose rage will soon with cruel joy,
If unopposed, my sacred shrines destroy.

Then while kind heaven th' auspicious hour bestows,
Let every nerve their infant strength oppose.
When softly ushered by the milky dawn
The sun first rises o'er the daisied lawn,
His silver lustre, as the shining dew
Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view:
But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays
Give all the force of living fire to blaze,
A giddy darkness strikes the conquer'd sight,
That dares in all his glow the Lord of light.
Such, if on India's soil the tender shoot
Of these proud cedars fix the stubborn root,
Such shall your power before them sink decay'd,
And India's strength shall wither in their shade.

He spoke; and instant from his vot'ry's bed
Together with repose, the Dæmon fled;
Again cold horror shook the zealot's frame,
And all his hatred of Messiah's name
Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night
Right to the palace sped the Dæmon's flight.

Sleepless the king he found in dubious thought;
His conscious fraud a thousand terrors brought:
All gloomy as the hour, around him stand
With haggard looks the hoary magi band*;
To trace what fates on India's wide domain
Attend the rovers from unheard of Spain,
Prepared in dark futurity to prove
The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove:
Muttering their charms and spells of dreary sound,
With naked feet they beat the hollow ground;
Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,
With dismal hollow groans the victim falls;
With earnest eyes the priestly band explore
The entrails throbbing in the living gore.

* ——————— *around him stand*

With haggard looks the hoary magi band—The Brahmins, the diviners of India. Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23, says, that the Persian Magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arianus, l. 7, expressly gives the Brahmins the name of Magi. The Magi of India, says he, told Alexander on his pretensions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took less rest, and did more mischief. The Brahmins are never among modern writers called Magi.

And lo, permitted by the Power Divine,
The hovering Dæmon gives the dreadful sign*,
Here furious War her gleamy falchion draws;
Here lean-ribb'd Famine writhes her falling jaws
Dire as the fiery pestilential star
Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car
Stern Tyranny sweeps wide o'er India's ground,
On vulture wings fierce Rapine hovers round;

* *The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful sign*—This has a allusion to the truth of history. Barros relates, that an Aug being brought before the Zamorim, " *Em hum vaso de agu l'he mostrara hunas naos, que vin ham de muy longe para a Indi e que a gente d'ellas seria total destruiçam dos Mouros de aquelle partes.* In a vessel of water he shewed him some ships whi from a great distance came to India, the people of whi would effect the utter subversion of the Moors." Camoe has certainly chosen a more poetical method of describi this divination, a method in the spirit of Virgil; nor in this he inferior to his great master. The supernatural flame whi seizes on Lavinia, while assisting at the sacrifice, alone e cepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and t dream in the Albunean forest, whither he went to consult h ancestor the god *Faunus*, in dignity and poetical colouri cannot come in comparison with the divination of the Mag and the appearance of the Dæmon in the dream of the Moori priest.

Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,
Th' eternal yoke—loud shrieking at the sight*
The starting wizards from the altar fly,
And silent horror glares in every eye:
Pale stands the Monarch, lost in cold dismay,
And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aspect rose the lingering dawn,
And dropping tears flow'd slowly o'er the lawn;
The Moorish Priest with fear and vengeance fraught,
Soon as the light appear'd his kindred sought;
Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In secret council met, his tale they hear;

* *Th' eternal yoke*—This picture, it may perhaps be said, is but a bad compliment to the heroes of the Lusiad, and the fruits of their discovery. A little consideration however will vindicate Camoens. It is the Dæmon and the enemies of the Portuguese who procure this divination; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpose to determine the Zamorim to destroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conquest of India, (when the Catual describes the sculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to ascribe the happiest effects to the discovery of his heroes:

Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victor's laws thrice happier India smiled.

As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate
Of various means they ponder and debate,
Against the Lusian train what arts employ,
By force to slaughter, or by fraud destroy;
Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,
As boiling rage prevails or boding fear;
Beneath their shady brows their eye-balls roll,
Nor one soft gleam bespeaks the generous soul:
Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,
While their dark fraud decrees the works of death:
Nor unresolved the power of gold to try
Swift to the lordly CATUAL's gate they hie—
Ah, what the wisdom, what the sleepless care
Efficient to avoid the traitor's snare!
What human power can give a king to know
The smiling aspect of the lurking foe!
So let the tyrant plead*--the patriot king
Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues spring

* *So let the tyrant plead*— In this short declamation, a seeming excrescence, the business of the poem in reality is carried on. The Zamorim, and his prime minister, the Catual, are artfully characterised in it; and the assertion

From inward worth, from conscience firm and bold,
Not from the man whose honest name is sold,
He hopes that virtue, whose unalter'd weight
Stands fixt, unveering with the storms of state.

Lured was the Regent with the Moorish gold,
And now agreed their fraudful course to hold,
Swift to the king the Regent's steps they tread;
The king they found o'erwhelm'd in sacred dread.
The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful service of the state*;

Lured was the Regent with the Moorish gold,

is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

* *The Moors——their ancient deeds relate,*

Their ever faithful service of the state—An explanation of the word *Moor* is here necessary. When the East afforded no more field for the sword of the conqueror, the Saracens, assisted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the finest countries in Europe in blood and desolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of *Moors* to all the professors of the Mohammedan religion. In the same manner the eastern nations blended all the armies of the Crusaders under one appellation, and the *Franks*, of whom the army of Godfrey was

For ages long, from shore to distant shore
For thee our ready keels the traffic bore:

mostly composed, became their common name for all th inhabitants of the West. The appellation even reached Chin When the Portuguese first arrived in that Empire, the Chines softening the r into l, called both them and their cannon, b the name of *Falanks*, a name which is still retained at Canton and other parts of the Chinese dominions. Before the arriva of Gama, as already observed, all the traffic of the East, fro the Ethiopian side of Africa to China, was in the hands o Arabian Mohammedans, who, without incorporating with th pagan natives, had their colonies established in every countr commodious for commerce. These the Portuguese calle Moors; and at present the Mohammedans of India, are calle the Moors of Hindostan by the latest of our English writers The intelligence which these Moors gave to one another, rela tive to the actions of Gama, the general terror with which the beheld the appearance of Europeans, whose rivalship the dreaded as the destruction of their power; the various fraud and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man o Gama's fleet to Europe; and their threat to withdraw from th dominions of the Zamorim; are all according to the truth o history. The speeches of the Zamorim and of Gama, whic follow, are also founded in truth. They are only poetical pa raphrases of the speeches ascribed by Osorius, to the India sovereign and the Portuguese admiral. Where the subje was so happily adapted to the epic Muse, to neglect it wou have been reprehensible: and Camoens, not unjustly, thoug that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to l

For thee we dared each horror of the wave;
Whate'er thy treasures boast our labours gave.
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,
Confer thy favour on a lawless crew?
The race they boast, as tigers of the wold
Bear their proud sway by justice uncontroll'd.
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,
These, o'er the deep, rapacious plunderers roam.
Their deeds we know; round Afric's shores they came,
And spread, where'er they past, devouring flame;
Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in sheets of fire,
Blazed to the sky, her own funereal pyre.
Imperial Calicut shall feel the same,
And these proud state-rooms feed the funeral flame;
While many a league far round, their joyful eyes
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the skies.

poem. When Gama, in his discourse with the king of Melinda, finishes the description of his voyage, he makes a spirited apostrophe to Homer and Virgil; and asserts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their fables. Camoens also, in other parts of the poem, avails himself of the same assertion.

Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,
Yet with thy fall our fate shall never blend:
Ere o'er the east arise the second dawn
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,
In other climes, beneath a kinder reign
Shall fix their port: yet may the threat be vain!
If wiser thou with us thy powers employ
Soon shall our powers the robber-crew destroy,
By their own arts and secret deeds o'ercome,
Here shall they meet the fate escaped at home.

While thus the Priest detain'd the Monarch's ear;
His cheeks confest the quivering pulse of fear.
Unconscious of the worth that fires the brave,
In state a monarch, but in heart a slave,
He view'd brave VASCO and his generous train,
As his own passions stamp'd the conscious stain:
Nor less his rage the fraudful Regent fired;
And valiant GAMA's fate was now conspired.

Ambassadors from India GAMA sought,
And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendship brought;

The glorious tale, 'twas all he wished, to tell;
So Ilion's fate was seal'd when Hector fell.

Again convoked before the Indian throne,
The Monarch meets him with a rageful frown;
And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,
Then shall my bounteous grace thy pardon seal.
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'st to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'st no king.
Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,
A lawless robber, every man thy foe.
And think'st thou credit to thy tale to gain?
Mad were the sovereign, and the hope were vain,
Through ways unknown, from utmost western shore,
To bid his fleets the utmost east explore.
Great is thy monarch, so thy words declare;
But sumptuous gifts the proof of greatness bear:
Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur shew;
Thus prove thy truth, thus We thy truth allow.
If not, what credence will the wise afford?
What monarch trust the wandering seaman's word?

No sumptuous gift Thou bring'st*—Yet, th
some crime
Has thrown thee banish'd from thy native clir
(Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)
Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unsee
Each land the brave man nobly calls his home
Or if, bold pirates, o'er the deep you roam,
Skill'd the dread storm to brave, O welcome h
Fearless of death or shame confess sincere:
My Name shall then thy dread protection be,
My captain Thou, unrivall'd on the sea.

* *No sumptuous gift Thou bring'st*—" As the Port
did not expect to find any people but savages beyond th
of Good Hope, they only brought with them some preser
confections, with trinkets of coral, of glass, and other
This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and
licut they found civilized nations, where the arts flou
who wanted nothing; who were possessed of all the
ments and delicacies on which we value ourselves. T
of Melinda had the generosity to be contented with the
which Gama made; but the Zamorim, with a disdainf
beheld the gifts which were offered to him. The pres
thus: Four mantles of scarlet, six hats adorned with fe
four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turkey carpets
drinking cups of brass, a chest of sugar, two barrels of
two of honey." *Castera.*

)h now, ye Muses, sing what goddess fired
ıa's proud bosom, and his lips inspired.
r Acidalia, Love's celestial queen*,
: graceful goddess of the fearless mien,
graceful freedom on his look bestow'd,
l all collected in his bosom glow'd.
ereign, he cries, oft witness'd, well I know
: rageful falshood of the Moorish foe;
ir fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed,
ne ear is poison'd, and thine eye deceived.
ıat light, what shade the courtier's mirror gives,
ıt light, that shade the guarded king receives.
hast thou viewed in colours not mine own,
bold I promise shall my truth be known.
'er the seas a lawless pest I roam,
)lood-stain'd exile from my native home,

Fair Acidalia, Love's celestial queen—Castera derives lalia from ἀκηδὴς, which, he says, implies to act without or restraint. Acidalia, is one of the names of Venus, in ;il; derived from Acidalus, a fountain sacred to her in)tia.

How many a fertile shore and beauteous isle,
Where Nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded smile
Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,
And all the horrors of the gulphs unknown
That roar beneath the axle of the world,
Where ne'er before was daring sail unfurl'd!
And have I left these beauteous shores behind,
And have I dared the rage of every wind,
That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd wi
frost,
Lured by the plunder of an unknown coast?
Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey
For the gay promise of a nameless day.
Dread and stupendous, more than death-doom'd m
Might hope to compass, more than wisdom plan,
To thee my toils, to thee my dangers rise:
Ah! Lisboa's kings behold with other eyes.
Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way
No dangers move them, and no toils dismay.
Long have the kings of Lusus' daring race
Resolved the limits of the deep to trace,

neath the morn to ride the farthest waves,
nd pierce the farthest shore old Ocean laves.
rung from the Prince*, before whose matchless
he strength of Afric wither'd as a flower [power
ever to bloom again, great Henry shone,
ach gift of nature and of art his own;
old as his sire, by toils on toils untired,
o find the Indian shore his pride aspired.
eneath the stars that round the Hydra shine,
nd where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly sign,
Vhere thirst and fever burn on every gale
he dauntless Henry rear'd the Lusian sail.
mbolden'd by the meed that crown'd his toils,
eyond the wide-spread shores and numerous isles,
Vhere both the tropics pour the burning day,
ucceeding heroes forced th' exploring way:
hat race which never view'd the Pleiad's car,
hat barbarous race beneath the southern star,
heir eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blast—the wave
Boils to the sky, the meeting whirlwinds rave

* *Sprung from the Prince*—John I.

O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-struc
Great Nature seem'd to call, Approach not her
At Lisboa's court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests, named the Cap
" Thou southmost point," the joyful king exclai
" Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named!
Onward my fleets shall dare the dreadful way,
And find the regions of the infant day."
In vain the dark and ever-howling blast
Proclaimed, This ocean never shall be past—
Through that dread ocean, and the tempests' ro
My king commanded, and my course I bore.
The pillar thus of deathless fame, begun
By other chiefs, beneath the rising sun
In thy great realm now to the skies I raise,
The deathless pillar of my nation's praise.
Through these wild seas no costly gift I brougl
Thy shore alone and friendly peace I sought.
And yet to thee the noblest gift I bring
The world can boast, the friendship of my King

* *And from her raging tempests named the Cape*—See History of the Discovery of India.

And mark the word, his greatness shall appear
When next my course to India's strand I steer,
Such proofs I'll bring as never man before
In deeds of strife or peaceful friendship bore.
Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,
For truth shall ever boast, at last resistless might.

Boldly the Hero spake with brow severe,
Of fraud alike unconscious as of fear:
His noble confidence with truth imprest
Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the Monarch's breast;
Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain
Appear'd the commerce of illustrious Spain.
Yet as the sick man loathes the bitter draught,
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;
His health without it, self-deceiv'd, he weighs,
Now hastes to quaff the drug, and now delays;
Reluctant thus as wavering passion veer'd,
The Indian Lord the dauntless GAMA heard:
The Moorish threats yet sounding in his ear,
He acts with caution, and is led by fear.

With solemn pomp he bids his lords prepare
The friendly banquet, to the Regent's care
Commends brave GAMA, and with pomp retires:
The Regent's hearths awake the social fires;
Wide o'er the board the royal feast is spread,
And fair embroidered shines DE GAMA's bed.
The Regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay
Where GAMA's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.

Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe
O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, shew;
The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,
Why wandering wild with trembling steps forlorn!
The Dæmon's rage you saw, and mark'd his flight
To the dark mansions of eternal night:
You saw how howling through the shades beneath
He waked new horrors in the realms of death.
What trembling tempests shook the thrones of hell,
And groan'd along her caves, ye Muses, tell.
The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire
Of powerless hate, with tenfold flames conspire;

From every eye the tawny lightnings glare,
And hell, illumined by the ghastly flare,
(A drear blue gleam) in tenfold horror shews
Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon rose
Hagar's stern son, pale was his earthy hue,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the lightnings blue;
Convulsed with rage the dreadful Shade demands
The last assistance of the infernal bands.
As when the whirlwinds, sudden bursting, bear
Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air;
So rose the legions of th' infernal state, [Hate:
Dark Fraud, base Art, fierce Rage, and burning
Wing'd by the Furies to the Indian strand
They bend; the Dæmon leads the dreadful band,
And in the bosoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living strength he pours.
One breast alone against his rage was steel'd,
Secure in spotless Truth's celestial shield.

One evening past, another evening closed,
The Regent still brave GAMA's suit opposed;

The Lusian Chief his guarded guest detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendship feign'd
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep disguise,
Shone bright to GAMA's manner-piercing eyes.
As in the sun's bright beam the gamesome boy
Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,
Swift and irregular, by sudden starts,
The living ray with viewless motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns
The sun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.
In quick succession thus a thousand views
The sapient Lusian's lively thought pursues;
Quick as the lightning every view revolves,
And, weighing all, fixt are his dread resolves.
O'er India's shore the sable night descends,
And GAMA, now, secluded from his friends,
Detain'd a captive in the room of state,
Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate;
For just Mozaide no generous care delays,
And VASCO's trust with friendly toils repays.

END OF BOOK VIII.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK IX.

RED rose the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring sky,
The scattering clouds of tawny purple fly.
While yet the day-spring struggled with the gloom,
The Indian Monarch sought the Regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Asian state
High on a gem-starr'd couch the Monarch sate;
Then on th' illustrious Captive bending down
His eyes, stern darken'd with a threatening frown,
Thy truthless tale, he cries, thy art appears,
Confest inglorious by thy cautious fears.
Yet still if friendship, honest, thou implore,
Yet now command thy vessels to the shore:

Generous as to thy friends thy sails resign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withstands,
Thy sails, and rudders too, my will demands*:
Such be the test, thy boasted truth to try,
Each other test despised, I fixt deny.
And has my Regent sued two days in vain!
In vain my mandate, and the captive chain!
Yet not in vain, proud Chief, Ourself shall sue
From thee the honour to my friendship due:
Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,
Our grace permits it, freely to resign,
Freely to trust our friendship, ere too late
Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.

While thus he spake his changeful look declared,
In his proud breast what starting passions warr'd.
No feature mov'd on GAMA's face was seen,
Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien,

* *Thy sails, and rudders too, my will demands*—The Zamorin employed many stratagems to get the Portuguese into his power, and at length made a demand of their sails and rudders. See the History of the Discovery of India.

In Me my Sovereign represented see,
His state is wounded, and he speaks in Me;
Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontroll'd,
The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.
No more thy justice holds the righteous scale,
The arts of falshood and the Moors prevail;
I see the doom my favour'd foes decree,
Yet, though in chains I stand, my fleet is free.
The bitter taunts of scorn the Brave disdain;
Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain.
My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your sway;
Safe shall my fleet to Lisboa's strand convey
The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,
Afric surrounded, and the Indian shore
Discovered—These I pledged my life to gain;
These to my country shall my life maintain.
One wish alone my earnest heart desires,
The sole impassion'd hope my breast respires;
My finish'd labours may my Sovereign hear!
Besides that wish, nor hope I know, nor fear.
And lo, the victim of your rage I stand,
And bare my bosom to the murderer's hand.

With lofty mien he spake. In stern disdain;
My threats, the Monarch cries, were never vai
Swift give the sign—Swift as he spake, appear'd
The dancing streamer o'er the palace rear'd;
Instant another ensign distant rose, [thr
Where, jutting through the flood, the moun
A ridge enormous, and on either side
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.
Proud on his couch th' indignant Monarch sate,
And awful silence fill'd the room of state.
With secret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,
And bent their eyes where GAMA's navy rode;
Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, expl
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending shore
Soon o'er the palms a mast's tall pendant flows,
Bright to the sun the purple radiance glows;
In martial pomp, far streaming to the skies,
Vanes after vanes in swift succession rise,
And through the opening forest-boughs of gree
The sails' white lustre moving on is seen;
When sudden rushing by the point of land
The bowsprits nod, and wide the sails expand;

Full pouring on the sight, in warlike pride,
Extending still the rising squadrons ride:
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,
Like melted gold the brazen spear-points blaze;
Each prore surrounded with an hundred oars,
Old Ocean boils around the crowded prores:
And five times now in number GAMA's might,
Proudly their boastful shouts provoke the fight;
Far round the shore the echoing peal rebounds,
Behind the hill an answering shout resounds:
Still by the point new-spreading sails appear,
Till seven times GAMA's fleet concludes the rear.
Again the shout triumphant shakes the bay;
Form'd as a crescent, wedg'd in firm array,
Their fleets wide horns the Lusian ships inclasp,
Prepared to crush them in their iron grasp.
Shouts echo shouts—with stern disdainful eyes
The Indian King to manly GAMA cries,
Not one of thine on Lisboa's shore shall tell
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell.
With alter'd visage, for his eyes flash'd fire,
God sent me here, and God's avengeful ire.

Shall smite thy perfidy, great Vasco cried,
And humble in the dust thy withered pride.
A prophet's glow inspired his panting breast;
Indignant smiles the Monarch's scorn confest.
Again deep silence fills the room of state,
And the proud Moors, secure, exulting wait:
And now inclasping Gama's in a ring, [str
Their fleet sweeps on—loud whizzing from
The black-wing'd arrows float along the sky,
And rising clouds the falling clouds supply.
The lofty crowding spears that bristling stood
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,
Bend sudden, levell'd for the closing fight;
The points wide-waving shed a gleamy light.
Elate with joy the king his aspect rears,
And valiant Gama, thrill'd with transport, hear
His drums' bold rattling raise the battle sound;
Echo deep-toned hoarse vibrates far around;
The shivering trumpets tear the shrill-voiced ai
Quivering the gale, the flashing lightnings flare
The smoke rolls wide, and sudden bursts the ro
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the shore

Groans; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze
In flashing arms; louder the thunders raise
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended skies
The burst incessant; awe-struck Echo dies
Faltering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats,
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkness, floats,
Curling their sulphrous folds of fiery blue,
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,
And roll wide o'er the sky; wide as the sight
Can measure heaven, slow rolls the cloudy white:
Beneath, the smoky blackness spreads afar
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war
Deep in its horrid breast; the fierce red glare
Chequering the rifted darkness, fires the air,
Each moment lost and kindled, while around,
The mingling thunders swell the lengthen'd sound.
When piercing sudden through the dreadful roar
The yelling shrieks of thousands strike the shore:
Presaging horror through the Monarch's breast
Crept cold; and gloomy o'er the distant east,

Through Gata's hills* the whirling tempest sigh'd,
And westward sweeping to the blacken'd tide,
Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it past,
And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight cast;
Then, furious rushing to the darken'd bay,
Resistless swept the black-wing'd night away,
With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,
And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathless side
Some traveller strays, unfriended of a guide;
If o'er the hills the sable night descend,
And gathering tempest with the darkness blend,
Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath, aghast
He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blast;
Above resounds the crash, and down the steep
Some rolling weight groans on with foundering sweep;

* *Through Gata's hills*—The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eastern side of the kingdom of Malabar.

Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.

LUSIAD VII.

Aghast he stands amid the shades of night,
And all his soul implores the friendly light:
It comes; the dreary lightnings quivering blaze,
The yawning depth beneath his lifted step betrays;
Instant unmann'd, aghast in horrid pain,
His knees no more their sickly weight sustain;
Powerless he sinks, no more his heart-blood flows;
So sunk the Monarch, and his heart-blood froze;
So sunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay
The rushing whirlwind pour'd the sudden day:
Disaster's giant arm in one wide sweep
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep;
The sheeted masts drove floating o'er the tide,
And the torn hulks roll'd tumbling on the side;
Some shatter'd plank each heaving billow tost,
And by the hand of heaven dash'd on the coast
Groan'd prores ingulph'd, the lashing surges rave
O'er the black keels upturn'd, the swelling wave
Kisses the lofty mast's reclining head;
And far at sea some few torn galleys fled.
Amid the dreadful scene triumphant rode
The Lusian war-ships, and their aid bestow'd:

Their speedy boats far round assisting ply'd,
Where plunging, struggling, in the rolling tide,
Grasping the shatter'd wrecks, the vanquish'd foes
Rear'd o'er the dashing waves their haggard brows*.
No word of scorn the lofty GAMA spoke,
Nor India's King the dreadful silence broke.
Slow past the hour, when to the trembling shore
In awful pomp the victor-navy bore:
Terrific, nodding on, the bowsprits bend,
And the red streamers other war portend:
Soon bursts the roar; the bombs tremendous rise,
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the skies;
O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,
And wrap her temples in a sulphrous shower.

* The destruction of the Indian fleet by a tempest, is according to history. Upon Gama's refusing to accede to the Zamorim's demand of his sails and rudders, he was detained a prisoner, and his ships were attacked by a numerous fleet consisting of sixty proas. The Indians relying on their superiority of numbers, notwithstanding the great havoc occasioned by the Portuguese cannon, pressed on to board, when a storm, which Gama's ships rode out in safety, suddenly arose, and totally destroyed them. See the History of the Discovery of India.

'Tis o'er—In threatening silence rides the fleet:
Wild rage and horror yell in every street;
Ten thousands pouring round the palace gate,
In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:
While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,
Give justice, justice to the strangers yield—
Our friends, our husbands, sons, and fathers slain!
Happier, alas, than these that yet remain—
Curst be the counsels, and the arts unjust—
Our friends in chains*—our city in the dust—
Yet, yet prevent——

——The silent VASCO saw
The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe

* *Our friends in chains*—The Zamorim having imprisoned several Portuguese, who were on shore for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty; the Portuguese retaliated by capturing an Indian vessel, on board of which were six Nayres or Nobles, with their attendants: the servants were set on shore, but the Nobles they detained. The friends of the captive noblemen surrounded the palace, and the city of Calicut became in such commotion, that the Zamorim, in the greatest alarm, delivered up the Portuguese, and submitted to the terms which De Gama had proposed. See the History of the Discovery of India.

That shook the Moors, that shook the Regent's knee
And sunk the Monarch down—By swift degrees
The popular clamour rises. Lost, unmann'd,
Around the King the trembling Council stand;
While wildly glaring on each other's eyes
Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;
With anguish sicken'd, and of strength bereft,
Earnest each look enquires, What hope is left!
In all the rage of shame and grief aghast,
The Monarch, faltering, takes the word at last:
By whom, great Chief, are these proud war-sh
sway'd,
Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd?
Forgive, great Chief, let gifts of price restrain
Thy just revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!—
Oh spare my people and their doom'd abodes—
Prayers, vows, and gifts appease the injured god:
Shall man deny—Swift are the brave to spare:
The weak, the innocent confess their care—
Helpless as innocent of guile to thee,
Behold these thousands bend the suppliant knee-
Thy navy's thundering sides black to the land
Display their terrors—yet mayst Thou command

O'erpower'd he paused. Majestic and serene
Great Vasco rose, then pointing to the scene
Where bled the war, Thy fleet, proud King, behold
O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd!
So shall this palace smoking in the dust,
And yon proud city weep thy arts unjust.
The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepared,
I left my fixt command my navy's guard:
Whate'er from shore my name or seal convey'd
Of other weight, that fixt command forbade;
Thus, ere its birth destroy'd, prevented fell
What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.
This morn the sacrifice of Fraud I stood,
But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,
And lives the friend, whose cares conjoin'd control
These floating towers, both brothers of my soul.
If thrice, I said, arise the golden morn,
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,
Dark Fraud with all her Moorish arts withstands,
And force or death withholds me from my bands:
Thus judge, and swift unfurl the homeward sail,
Catch the first breathing of the eastern gale,

Unmindful of my fate* on India's shore:
Let but my Monarch know, I wish no more—
Each, panting while I spoke, impatient cries,
The tear-drop bursting in their manly eyes,
In all but one thy mandates we obey,
In one we yield not to thy generous sway:
Without thee never shall our sails return;
India shall bleed, and Calicut shall burn—
Thrice shall the morn arise; a flight of bombs
Shall then speak vengeance to their guilty dome
Till noon we pause; then shall our thunders roar,
And desolation sweep the treacherous shore—
Behold, proud King, their signal in the sky,
Near his meridian tower the Sun rides high.
O'er Calicut no more the evening shade
Shall spread her peaceful wings, my wrath unstaid;
Dire through the night her smoking dust shall gleam,
Dire through the night shall shriek the female scream.

* *Unmindful of my fate*—This most magnanimous resolution, to sacrifice his own safety or his life for the safe return of the fleet, is strictly true. See the History of the Discovery of India.

Thy worth, great Chief, the pale-lipt Regent cries,
Thy worth we own; Oh, may these woes suffice!
To thee each proof of India's wealth we send;
Ambassadors, of noblest race, attend—
Slow as he falter'd GAMA catch'd the word,
On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:
Captives enough shall reach the Lusian shore:
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.
Even now my faithful sailors, pale with rage,
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;
Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band
Watch the first movement of my brother's hand;
E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire
They wave their eager canes betipt with fire;
Methinks my brother's anguish'd look I see,
The panting nostril and the trembling knee,
While keen he eyes the Sun: On hasty strides,
Hurried along the deck, Coello chides
His cold slow lingering, and impatient cries,
Oh, give the sign, illume the sacrifice,
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood—

He spake; and stern the dreadful warrior stood;

So seem'd the terrors of his awful nod,
The Monarch trembled as before a God;
The treacherous Moors sunk down in faint dismay,
And speechless at his feet the Council lay:
Abrupt, with out-stretch'd arms, the Monarch cries,
What yet—but dared not meet the Hero's eyes,
What yet may save*!—Great Vasco stern rejoins,
Swift, undisputing, give th' appointed signs:
High o'er thy loftiest tower my flag display,
Me and my train swift to my fleet convey:
Instant command—behold the Sun rides high—
He spake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;
The Lusian standard o'er the palace flow'd,
Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.
A dreary gloom a sudden whirlwind threw,
Amid the howling blast, enraged, withdrew

* *Abrupt—the Monarch cries—What yet may save*—Gama's declaration, that no message from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any farther treaty, have a necessary effect in the conduct of the poem. They hasten the catastrophe, and give a verisimilitude to the abrupt and full submission of the Zamorim.

J.W. Harding. *Engraved by C. Warren*

LUSIAD.

Book 9.

London, Published by J. Harding, March 1807.

e vanquish'd Dæmon—Soon in lustre mild,
April smiles, the Sun auspicious smiled:
ıte with joy, the shouting thousands trod,
ıd GAMA to his fleet triumphant rode.

Soft came the eastern gale on balmy wings:
ch joyful sailor to his labour springs;
ne o'er the bars their breasts robust recline,
ıd with firm tugs the rollers* from the brine,
luctant dragg'd, the slime-brown'd anchors raise;
ch gliding rope some nimble hand obeys;
me bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high
ith nimble hands the canvass wings untie,

* ——*the rollers*—The capstans.—The capstan is a cylindrical windlass, worked with bars, which are moved from le to hole as it turns round. It is used to weigh the anchors, se masts, &c. The name *roller* describes both the machine d its use, and it may be presumed, is a more poetical word an capstan. The versification of this passage in the original ords a most noble example of imitative harmony:

Mas ja nas nuos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabrestante, & repartidos
Pello trabalho, huns puxao pello amarra,
Outros quebrao co peito duro a barra.

The flapping sails their widening folds distend,
And measured echoing shouts their sweaty toils attend.
Nor had the captives lost the Leader's care,
Some to the shore the Indian barges bear;
The noblest few the Chief detains to own
His glorious deeds before the Lusian throne,
To own the conquest of the Indian shore;
Nor wanted every proof of India's store:
What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,
With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd:
Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,
The burning pepper and the sable clove;
The clove, whose odour on the breathing gale
Far to the sea Malucco's plains exhale:
All these provided by the faithful Moor,
All these, and India's gems, the navy bore:
The Moor attends, Mozaide, whose zealous care
To GAMA's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous snare*:

* ——*Mozaide, whose zealous care*
To Gama's eyes reveal'd each treach'rous snare—Had this been mentioned sooner, the interest of the catastrophe of the poem must have languished. Though he is not a warrior, the

So burn'd his breast with heaven-illumined flame,
And holy reverence of Messiah's name.
Oh, favour'd African, by heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary shades of error's night;
What man may dare his seeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of heaven's design explain!
Far didst thou from thy friends a stranger roam,
There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home*.

unexpected friend of Gama bears a much more considerable part in the action of the Lusiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the business of the Æneid.

* *There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home*—This exclamatory address to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digressive, has a double propriety. The conversion of the Eastern world is the great purpose of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the first fruits of that conversion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an Epic Poem interest us and please. It might have been said, that Monzaida was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villany with apostacy. Camoens has therefore wisely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendship of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Lusiad might have shared the fate of the wise Ulysses of the Iliad, against whom, as Voltaire justly observes, every reader bears a secret ill will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unsupported by

With rustling sound now swell'd the steady sail
The lofty masts reclining to the gale
On full spread wings the navy springs away,
And far behind them foams the Ocean grey:
Afar the lessening hills of Gata fly,
And mix their dim blue summits with the sky;
Beneath the wave low sinks the spicy shore,
And roaring through the tide each nodding prore
Points to the Cape, Great Nature's southmost boun
The Cape of Tempests, now of Hope renown'd.
Their glorious tale on Lisboa's shore to tell
Inspires each bosom with a rapt'rous swell;
Now through their breasts the chilly tremors glid
To dare once more the dangers dearly try'd—

history. He was not an Arab Moor, so he did not desert h countrymen. By force these Moors had determined on t destruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and esteemed hi and therefore generously revealed to him his danger. By h attachment to Gama he lost all his effects in India, a circu stance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs must ha certainly foreseen. By the known dangers he encountered, the loss he thus voluntarily sustained, and by his after ec stancy, his sincerity is undoubtedly proved.

Soon to the winds are these cold fears resign'd,
And all their country rushes on the mind;
How sweet to view their native land, how sweet
The father, brother, and the bride to greet!
While listening round the hoary parent's board
The wondering kindred glow at every word;
How sweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,
The tribes and wonders of each various shore!
These thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,
And swell each bosom with unutter'd joy*.

* *The joy of the fleet on the homeward departure from India*—We are now come to that part of the Lusiad, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great catastrophe of the Iliad, when on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addresses the Grecian army,

——Ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your *Pæans* sing:
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
"*Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."

Our Portuguese Poet, who in his machinery, and many other instances, has followed the manner of Virgil, now forsakes him. In a very bold and masterly spirit he now models his poem by the steps of Homer. What of the Lusiad yet remains, in poetical conduct, though not in an imitation of circumstances, exactly resembles the latter part of the Iliad. The games at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of

The Queen of Love, by Heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddess of the Lusian race;
The Queen of Love, elate with joy, surveys
Her heroes, happy, plough the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;
These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balsam in the streams of joy.
Amid the bosom of the watery waste,
Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed*,
An isle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragrant bowers,

Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the same manner, the reward of the heroes, and the consequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the Lusiad. I cannot say it appears that Milton ever read our Poet; (though Fanshaw's translation was published in his time) yet no instance can be given of a more striking resemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camoens, and of the Paradise Lost. Of this however hereafter, in its proper place.

* *Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed*—According to the opinion of those who placed the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their source.

he means to offer to their homeward prows,
he place of glad repast and sweet repose;
nd there before their raptured view to raise
he heaven-topt column of their deathless praise.

The Goddess now ascends her silver car,
right was its hue as Love's translucent star;
eneath the reins the stately birds, that sing
heir sweet-toned death-song, spread the snowy wing;
he gentle winds beneath her chariot sigh,
nd virgin blushes purple o'er the sky:
n milk-white pinions borne, her cooing doves
orm playful circles round her as she moves;
nd now their beaks in fondling kisses join,
amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.
'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddess rode,
nd by her altars sought Idalia's god:
he youthful bowyer of the heart was there;
is falling kingdom claim'd his earnest care.
is bands he musters, through the myrtle groves
n buxom wings he trains the little Loves.

Against the world, rebellious and astray,
He means to lead them, and resume his sway:
For base-born passions, at his shrine 'twas told,
Each nobler transport of the breast controll'd.
A young Actæon, scornful of his lore,
Morn after morn pursues the foamy boar,
In desert wilds devoted to the chase:
Each dear enchantment of the female face
Spurn'd and neglected: Him enraged he sees,
And sweet, and dread his punishment decrees.
Before his ravish'd sight, in sweet surprise,
Naked in all her charms shall Dian rise;
With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall bur
Coldly his suit, the nymph, unmoved, shall spurn
Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,
Ah, may he never fall the hapless prey*!

* Don Sebastian, the modern Actæon here alluded to, ceded the throne when a child, he was a prince of gr abilities and great spirit, but his youth was poisoned with most romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of st were left to his ministers, *(for whose character see the next n* his other studies were neglected, and military exercises

Enraged he sees a venal herd the shame
Of human race, assume the titled name*;
And each, for some base interest of his own,
With Flattery's manna'd lips assail the throne.
He sees the men, whom holiest sanctions bind
To poverty, and love of human kind;

the pleasures of the chase engrossed his whole attention. Camoens beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical satire foreboded its consequences. The wish, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite passion, was in vain. In a rash, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, (see note, page 5, vol. I.) Don Sebastian lost his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which soon after produced the fall of the Portuguese empire. Had the nobility possessed the spirit of Camoens, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the Quixotry of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have escaped the Spanish yoke, which soon followed the defeat at Alcazar; a yoke which sunk Portugal into an abyss of misery, from which, in all probability, she will never emerge in her former splendor.

* *Enraged he sees a venal herd, the shame*

Of human race, assume the titled name—" After having ridiculed all the pleasures of Don Sebastian, the author now proceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has done *no injustice*. Those who are acquainted with the Portuguese history, will readily acknowledge this." *Casterq.*

While soft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms display,
He sees their eyes with lust of gold on fire,
And every wish to lordly state aspire;
He sees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;
Sleepless at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The sacred bulwarks of the people's cause,
Fram'd ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hackt swords was dry.

Nor these alone, each rank, debased and rude,
Mean objects, worthless of their love, pursued:
Their passions thus rebellious to his lore,
The God decrees to punish and restore.
The little loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their silk bow-strings, and their arms prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power resistless to inflame the heart;
Their arrow heads they tip with soft desires,
And all the warmth of love's celestial fires;

Some sprinkle o'ér the shafts the tears of woe,
Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain:
Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the song divine.

Already now began the vengeful war,
The witness of the God's benignant care;
On the hard bosoms of the stubborn crowd
An arrowy shower the bowyer train bestow'd;
Pierced by the whizzing shafts deep sighs the air,
And answering sighs the wounds of love declare.
Though various featured and of various hue,
Each nymph seems loveliest in her lover's view;
Fired by the darts, by novice archers sped,
Ten thousand wild fantastic loves are bred:
In wildest dreams the rustic hind aspires,
And haughtiest lords confess the humblest fires.

The snowy swans of Love's celestial Queen
Now land her chariot on the shore of green;

One knee display'd she treads the flowery strand,
The gather'd robe falls loosely from her hand;
Half-seen her bosom heaves the living snow,
And on her smiles the living roses glow.
The bowyer God whose subtle shafts ne'er fly
Misaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or sky,
With rosy smiles the Mother Power receives;
Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,
The vassal Loves in fond contention join
Who first and most shall kiss her hand divine.
Swift in her arms she caught her wanton Boy,
And, Oh, my son, she cries, my pride, my joy,
Against thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,
Against thy shaft nor heaven, nor Jove prevail'd;
Unless thine arrow wake the young desires,
My strength, my power, in vain each charm expires:
My son, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,
Nor be the boon, thy mother sues, delay'd:
Where-e'er, so will th' Eternal Fates, where-e'er
The Lusian race the victor standards rear,
There shall my hymns resound, my altars flame,
And heavenly Love her joyful lore proclaim.

r Lusian heroes, as my Romans, brave,
ng toil, long hopeless on the storm-torn wave,
earied and weak, at last on India's shore
rived, new toils, repose denied, they bore;
r Bacchus there with tenfold rage pursued
r dauntless sons; but now his might subdued,
aid these raging seas, the scene of woes,
eirs shall be now the balm of sweet repose;
eirs every joy the noblest heroes claim,
e raptured foretaste of immortal fame.
en bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,
e lovely daughters of the azure main;
d lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,
ght to the isle which all my smiles inspire:
on shall my care that beauteous isle supply,
here Zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap shall
ere let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet, [sigh.
nd strew the pink and rose beneath their feet:
crystal halls the feast divine prolong,
Vith wine nectareous and immortal song:
et every nymph the snow-white bed prepare,
nd, fairer far, resign her bosom there;

There to the greedy riotous embrace
Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace.
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall rise, and o'er the East illustrious shine*;
Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,
And what the boundless joys our friendly p
bestow.

She said; and smiling view'd her mighty B
Swift to the chariot springs the god of joy;
His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,
Blaz'd to the sun-beam as the chariot roll'd:
Their silver harness shining to the day
The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,
Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue!
And Fame, so will'd the God, before them fle
A giant goddess, whose ungovern'd tongue
With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong;

* ——————————— *a hero line*
Shall rise, and o'er the East illustrious shine—In allu
the succeeding Portuguese adventurers, who, followi
steps of Gama, settled in, and established illustrious c
in India. *Castera.*

Oft had her lips the god of love blasphem'd,
And oft with tenfold praise his conquests nam'd:
An hundred eyes she rolls with ceaseless care,
And thousand tongues what these behold declare:
Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing she rides,
And though she shifts her colours swift as glides
The April rainbow, still the crowd she guides.
And now aloft her wondering voice she rais'd,
And with a thousand glowing tongues she prais'd
The bold Discoverers of the eastern world—
In gentle swells the listening surges curl'd,
And murmur'd to the sounds of plaintive love
Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.
The drowsy Power on whose smooth easy mien
The smiles of wonder and delight are seen,
Whose glossy simpering eye bespeaks her name,
Credulity attends the goddess Fame.
Fired by the heroes' praise, the watery gods*,
With ardent speed forsake their deep abodes;

* ——*the watery gods*—To mention the gods in the masculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,
Now stung remorse, and love succeeds to hate.
Ah, where remorse in female bosom bleeds,
The tenderest love in all its glow succeeds.
When fancy glows, how strong, O Love, thy power
Nor slipt the eager God the happy hour;
Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,
Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a shaft in vain:
Thus, ere the face the lover's breast inspires,
The voice of fame awakes the soft desires.
While from the bow-string start the shafts divine,
His ivory moon's wide horns incessant join,
Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours
Omnipotent in love his arrowy showers.

O peito feminil, que levemente
Muda quaysquer propositos tomados.—

The ease with which the female breast changes its resolutio may to the hypercritic appear reprehensible. The expressi however is classical, and therefore retained. Virgil uses where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Tro

Descendo, ac ducente *Deo*, flammam inter et hostes
Expedior—

This is in the manner of the Greek Poets, who used the wo Θεὸς for God or Goddess.

E'en Thetis' self confest the tender smart,
And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart:
Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous sigh;
With wishful languor melting on each eye
The love-sick nymphs explore the tardy sails
That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, low subside,
Smooth as the level plain, your swelling pride,
Lo, Venus comes! Oh, soft, ye surges, sleep,
Smooth be the bosom of the azure deep,
Lo, Venus comes! and in her vigorous train
She brings the healing balm of love-sick pain.
White as her swans, and stately as they rear
Their snowy crests when o'er the lake they steer,
Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,
And o'er the distant billow onward steers.
The beauteous Nereids flush'd in all their charms
Surround the Goddess of the soft alarms:
Right to the isle she leads the smiling train,
And all her arts her balmy lips explain;

The fearful languor of the asking eye,
The lovely blush of yielding modesty,
The grieving look, the sigh, the favouring smile,
And all the endearments of the open wile, [heaved
She taught the nymphs—in willing breasts that
To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.

As now triumphant to their native shore
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,
Earnest the pilot's eyes sought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various watery way;
Sought cape or isle from whence their boats might
The healthful bounty of the crystal spring: [bring
When sudden, all in nature's pride array'd,
The Isle of Love its glowing breast display'd.
O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the silver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,
Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating isle fair Acidalia drew:

oon as the floating verdure caught their sight,
ne fix't, unmov'd, the island of delight.
o when in child-birth of her Jove-sprung load,
he sylvan goddess and the bowyer god,
friendly pity of Latona's woes*,
mid the waves the Delian isle arose.
nd now led smoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
ight to the isle of joy the vessels glide:
he bay they enter, where on every hand,
round them clasps the flower-enamell'd land;
safe retreat, where not a blast may shake
s fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake.
Vith purple shells, transfus'd as marble veins,
he yellow sands celestial Venus stains.
Vith graceful pride three hills of softest green
lear their fair bosoms o'er the sylvan scene;
heir sides embroider'd boast the rich array
)f flowery shrubs in all the pride of May;

* *In friendly pity of Latona's woes*—Latona, in pregnancy by upiter, was persecuted by Juno, who sent the serpent Python n pursuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her distress, raised the sland of Delos for her refuge, where she was delivered of Apollo and Diana. OVID. MET.

The purple lotos and the snowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flowers every slope adorn.
From the green summits of the leafy hills
Descend with murmuring lapse three limpid rills;
Beneath the rose-trees loitering slow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er some rock their crystal pride;
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver stream,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil apples tremble on the bough;
Where o'er the yellow sands the waters sleep,
The primrosed banks, inverted, dew drops weep;
Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream
The silver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and various every riv'let strays,
Till closing now their long meandring maze,
Where in a smiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a crystal lake the waters blend:

ring'd was the border with a woodland shade,
ı every leaf of various green array'd,
ach yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between
he dark ash-verdure and the silvery green.
'he trees now bending forward slowly shake
'heir lofty honours o'er the crystal lake;
low from the flood the graceful boughs retire
Vith coy reserve, and now again admire
'heir various liveries by the summer drest,
mooth-gloss'd and soften'd in the mirror's breast.
o by her glass the wishful virgin stays,
And oft retiring steals the lingering gaze.
A thousand boughs aloft to heaven display
'heir fragrant apples shining to the day;
'he orange here perfumes the buxom air,
And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.
Vear to the ground each spreading bough descends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
'he fragrant lemon scents the cooly grove;
air as when ripening for the days of love
'he virgin's breasts the gentle swell avow,
o the twin fruitage swell on every bough.

Wild forest trees the mountain sides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic shade:
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide-spread branches rears;
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears;
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,
The lofty pine-tree waves her sable locks;
Sacred to Cybele the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine;
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wise,
Less'ning from earth her spiral honours rise,
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.
Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine;
The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs,
The green here glistens, here the purple glows:
For here the genial seasons of the year
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for winter here;

His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,
United sway the smiling seasons held.
Around the swelling fruits of deepening red,
Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread;
Between the bursting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen;
For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows
In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,
The flavour sweeter, and the hue more fair,
Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in shining crimson glows;
And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload*;
The bending boughs caress'd by Zephyr nod.

* *And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,*
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload;——Pyramus and Thisbe:

Arborei fœtus aspergine cædis in atram
Vertuntur faciem: madefactaque sanguine radix
Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore . . . . .
At tu quo ramis arbor miserabile corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum;
Signa tene cædis: pullosque et luctibus aptos
Semper habe fœtus gemini monumenta cruoris. Ov. Met.

The generous peach, that strengthens in exile
Far from his native earth, the Persian soil,
The velvet peach of softest glossy blue
Hangs by the pomegranate of orange hue,
Whose open heart a brighter red displays
Than that which sparkles in the ruby's blaze.
Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bow
Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear.
For thee, fair fruit, the songsters of the grove
With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care
To grace the feast of heroes and the fair,
Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow side.
A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red
Far o'er the shadowy vale their carpets spread,
Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom:
As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery shone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narcissus, self-enamour'd, hangs the head;

And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
The woe-mark'd flower of slain Adonis* rears
Its purple's head, prophetic of the reign
When lost Adonis shall revive again.
At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies,
Which from each other stole the beauteous dies:
The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,
Aurora steals the blushes of the rose,
The rose displays the blushes that adorn
The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.
Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the love-sick hopeless maid they die
The modest violet; from the curious eye
The modest violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed,
Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn;

* *The woe-mark'd flower of slain Adonis*—The Anemone.

Lo, from the bough reclines the damask rose,
And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows.
Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales.
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful *Ai**,
And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh;
Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dy'd the stripling's veins.
Pomona fired with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris spread,
She hangs the wilding's blossom white and red;
Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy snows
The curving slopes, the melon's pride she throws;

* *The hyacinth bewrays the doleful* Ai.—Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by whom he was accidentally slain, and afterwards turned into a flower:

——Tyrioque nitentior ostro
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: si non,
Purpureus color huic, argenteus esset in illis.
Non satis hoc Phœbo est: is enim fuit auctor honoris.
Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit; & Ai, Ai,
Flos habet inscriptum: funestaque littera ducta est.

Ovid. Met.

Where by the stream the lily of the vale,
Primrose, and cowslip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lily and the cowslip's bell
The scarlet strawberries luxurious swell.
Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves responsive through the branches sing:
In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,
High pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries;
The swan slow sailing o'er the crystal lake
Tunes his melodious note; from every brake
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.
Pleased to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer;
The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,
And swiftly circling, crosses oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts distil,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill;
The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,
And from the thicket springs the bounding doe.

To his lov'd nest, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little songster brings
The food untasted; transport thrills his breast;
'Tis nature's touch; 'tis instinct's heav'n-like feast.
Thus bower and lawn were deck'd with Eden's flowers,
And song and joy imparadised the bowers.

And soon the fleet their ready anchors threw:
Lifted on eager tip-toe at the view,
On nimble feet that bounded to the strand
The second Argonauts elance to land.
Wide o'er the beauteous isle the lovely Fair*
Stray through the distant glades, devoid of care.

* *Wide o'er the beauteous isle the lovely Fair*—We now come to the passage condemned by Voltaire as so lascivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portuguese and Italians, could bear it. But the author of the detestable poem *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, talks of the island of Venus with that same knowledge of his subject with which he made Camoens, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which discovered the route to India. Though Voltaire's cavils, I trust, are in general fully answered in the preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be un-

. lowly valley and from mountain grove
lovely nymphs renew the strains of love.

ary, ere the reader enter upon the passage itself. No
r then, let it be remembered, was ever blamed for draw-
e Graces unveiled or naked. In sculpture, in painting, and
r, it is not nakedness, it is the expression or manner only
ffends decency. It is this which constitutes the difference
en a Venus de Medicis and the lascivious paintings in the
nents of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoens has hitherto
very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and Christian my-
gy in his machinery has been anathematised, and his island
ve represented as a brothel. Yet both accusations are
rrogant assertions of the most superficial acquaintance
his works, a *Hearsay*, echoed from critic to critic. His
itself, and a comparison of its parts with the similar con-
of the greatest modern poets, will clearly evince, that in
instances no modern Epic Writer of note has given less
:e to true criticism.

t to mention Ariosto, whose descriptions will often admit
palliation, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton, have always been
ned as the chastest of poets; yet in the delicacy of warm
iption, the inartificial modesty of nature, none of them
oast the continued uniformity of the Portuguese Poet.
gh there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoens, which
the genius of Tasso has not reached; and though the
l of Armida is evidently copied from the Lusiad, yet those
ure possessed of the finer feelings, will easily discover an
tial difference between the love-scenes of the two poets,
lerence greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former.
igh the nymphs in Camoens are detected naked in the

Here from the bowers that crown the plainti
The solemn harp's melodious warblings thrill
Here from the shadows of the upland grot
The mellow lute renews the swelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train
Some gaily ramble o'er the flowery plain,
In feign'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to sl
Now seeming careless, fearful now and coy,
(So taught the goddess of unutter'd joy,)
And glidirlg through the distant glades displa
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.

woods and in the stream, and though desirous to cap still their behaviour is that of the virgin, who hopes to spouse. They act the part of offended modesty; even they yield they are silent, and behave in every respe Milton's Eve in the state of innocence, who

——What was honour knew——

And who displayed

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

To sum up all, the nuptial sanctity draws its hallowed cu and a masterly allegory shuts up the love-scenes of Cam

me light with glee in careless freedom take
ıeir playful revels in the crystal lake;
ıe trembling stands no deeper than the knee
› plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee
ıother o'er her sudden laves the tide;
pearly drops the wishful waters glide,
luctant dropping from her breasts of snow;
neath the wave another seems to glow;
e amorous waves her bosom fondly kiss'd,
d rose and fell, as panting, on her breast.
ıother swims along with graceful pride,
r silver arms the glistening waves divide,
r shining sides the fondling waters lave,
r glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave,
r hair, of mildest yellow, flows from side
side, as o'er it plays the wanton tide;
ıd careless as she turns, her thighs of snow
ıeir tapering rounds in deeper lustre shew.

Some gallant Lusians sought the woodland prey,
ıd through the thickets forced the pathless way
ıd some in shades impervious to the beam
ıpinely listen'd to the murmuring stream

When sudden through the boughs the various dies
Of pink, of scarlet, and of azure rise.
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers spring,
Down drops the arrow from the half drawn string:
Soon they behold 'twas not the rose's hue,
The jonquil's yellow, nor the pansy's blue:
Dazzling the shades the nymphs appear—the zone
And flowing scarf in gold and azure shone.
Naked as Venus stood in Ida's bower,
Some trust the dazzling charms of native power;
Through the green boughs and darkling shades
they shew
The shining lustre of their native snow,
And every tapering, every rounded swell
Of thigh, of bosom, as they glide, reveal.
As visions cloth'd in dazzling white they rise,
Then steal unnoted from the flurried eyes:
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,
They shine and wanton o'er the smiling lawn.
Amaz'd and lost in rapture of surprise,
All joy, my friends, the brave Veloso cries,
Whate'er of goddesses old fable told,
Or poet sung of sacred groves, behold.

icred to goddesses divinely bright
hese beauteous forests own their guardian might.
rom eyes profane, from every age conceal'd,
o us, behold, all Paradise reveal'd!
wift let us try if phantoms of the air,
r living charms appear, divinely fair!
wift at the word the gallant Lusians bound,
heir rapid footsteps scarcely touch the ground;
hrough copse, through brake, impatient of their prey,
wift as the wounded deer they spring away:
leet through the winding shades in rapid flight
he nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their sight.
leet though they fled the mild reverted eye,
nd dimpling smile their seeming fear deny.
leet through the shades in parted rout they glide:
f winding paths the chosen pairs divide,
nother path by sweet mistake betrays,
nd throws the lover on the lover's gaze:
f dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,
he laugh, the shriek, confess the charmer there.

Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy,
And every fondling favouring art employ.

Fleet as the fair ones speed, the busy gale
In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;
White through the veil, in fairer brighter glow
The lifted robe displays the living snow:
Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,
Then instant to the glance each charm reveals,
Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,
Reveals, and with the shade inflames desire.
One, as her breathless lover hastens on,
With wily stumble sudden lies o'erthrown;
Confus'd, she rises with a blushing smile;
The lover falls the captive of her guile:
Tript by the fair he tumbles on the mead,
The joyful victim of his eager speed.

Afar, where sport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;
The laugh, the shriek, the revel and the toy,
Bespeak the innocence of youthful joy:
The laugh, the shriek, the gallant Lusians hear,
As through the forest glades they chase the deer;
For arm'd to chase the bounding roe they came,
Unhop'd the transport of a nobler game.

The naked wantons, as the youths appear,
Shrill through the woods resound the shriek of fear.
Some feign such terror of the forced embrace,
Their virgin modesty to this gives place,
Naked they spring to land and speed away
To deepest shades unpierc'd by glaring day;
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes
What to the amorous arms their fear denies.
Some well assume Diana's virgin shame,
When on her naked sports the hunter came
Unwelcome—plunging in the crystal tide,
In vain they strive their beauteous limbs to hide;
The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, bestow
A milder lustre and a softer glow.
As lost in earnest care of future need,
Some to the banks to snatch their mantles speed,
Of present view regardless; every wile
Was yet, and every net of amorous guile.
Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm,
Display'd, in various force, was every charm.
Nor idle stood the gallant youth; the wing
Of rapture lifts them, to the fair they spring;

Some to the copse pursue their lovely prey;
Some cloth'd and shod, impatient of delay,
Impatient of the stings of fierce desire,
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench their fire.
So when the fowler to his cheek uprears
The hollow steel, and on the mallard bears,
His eager dog, ere bursts the flashing roar,
Fierce for the prey springs headlong from the shore,
And barking cuts the wave with furious joy:
So mid the billow springs each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph whose eyes from all the rest
By singling him her secret wish confest.

A son of Mars was there, of generous race,
His every elegance of manly grace;
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye spoke simplest truth;
Yet love, capricious to th' accomplish'd boy,
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,
Had ever spurn'd his vows; yet still his heart
Would hope, and nourish still the tender smart:

ne purest delicacy fann'd his fires,
nd proudest honour nurs'd his fond desires.
ot on the first that fair before him glow'd,
ot on the first the youth his love bestow'd.
ı all her charms the fair Ephyre came,
nd Leonardo's heart was all on flame.
ffection's melting transport o'er him stole,
nd love's all generous glow entranced his soul;
)f selfish joy unconscious, every thought
)n sweet delirium's ocean streamed afloat.
?attern of beauty did Ephyre shine,
Nor less she wish'd these beauties to resign:
Iore than her sisters long'd her heart to yield,
Yet swifter fled she o'er the smiling field.
'he youth now panting with the hopeless chase,
' turn, he cries, O turn thy angel face:
alse to themselves can charms like these conceal
he hateful rigour of relentless steel;
nd did the stream deceive me when I stood
mid my peers reflected on the flood?
'he easiest port and fairest bloom I bore—
'alse was the stream—while I in vain deplore,

My peers are happy; lo, in every shade,
In every bower, their love with love repaid!
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns pursue
A cruel fair—Ah, still my fate proves true,
True to its rigour—who, fair nymph, to thee
Reveal'd, 'twas I that sued! unhappy me!
Born to be spurn'd though honesty inspire—
Alas, I faint, my languid sinews tire;
O stay thee—powerless to sustain their weight
My knees sink down, I sink beneath my fate!
He spoke; a rustling urges through the trees,
Instant new vigour strings his active knees,
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,
And must another snatch my lovely prize!
In savage grasp thy beauteous limbs constrain!
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!
Oh lost, thou fliest the safety of my arms,
My hand shall guard thee, softly seize thy charms
No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!
Die shall thy ravisher—O goddess, turn,
And smiling view the error of my fear;
No brutal force, no ravisher is near;

A harmless roebuck gave the rustling sounds;
Lo, from the thicket swift as thee he bounds!
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chase!
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.
Vain are thy fears; were even thy will to yield
The harvest of my hope, that harvest field
My fate would guard, and walls of brass would rear
Between my sickle and the golden ear.
Yet fly me not; so may thy youthful prime
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wing of time.
Yet hear, the last my panting breath can say,
Nor proudest kings, nor mightiest hosts can sway
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine,
Yet thou canst more, yet thou canst conquer mine.
Unmov'd each other yielding nymph I see;
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!
But thee—Oh, every transport of desire,
That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,
For thee respires—alone I feel for thee
The dear wild rage of longing extasy:
By all the flames of sympathy divine
To thee united, thou by right art mine.

From thee, from thee the hallowed transport flows
That severed rages, and for union glows;
Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; even now I heard him softly tread;
Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I see, I see thee rushing to his arms,
And sinking on his bosom, all thy charms
To him resigning in an eager kiss,
All I implored, the whelming tide of bliss!
And shall I see him riot on thy charms,
Dissolv'd in joy exulting in thine arms—
Oh burst, ye lightnings, round my destin'd head,
Oh pour your flashes—Madning as he said,
Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His trembling footsteps still the nymph pursued.
Wooed to the flight she wing'd her speed to hear
His amorous accents melting on her ear.
And now she turns the wild walk's serpent maze:
A roseate bower its velvet couch displays;
The thickest moss its softest verdure spread,
Crocus and mingling pansy fring'd the bed,

The woodbine dropt its honey from above,
And various roses crown'd the sweet alcove.
Here as she hastens, on the hopeless bay
She turns her face all bathed in smiles of joy;
Then, sinking down, her eyes, suffic'd with love,
Glowing on his, one moment lost reprove.
Here was no rival, all he wish'd his own;
Lock'd in her arms soft sinks the stripling down—
Ah, what soft murmurs panting through the bowers
Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours;
The wishful sigh and melting smile conspire,
Devouring kisses fan the fiercer fire;
Sweet violence with dearest grace assails,
Soft o'er the purposed frown the smile prevails;
The purposed frown betrays its own deceit,
In well-pleas'd laughter ends the rising threat;
The coy delay glides off in yielding love,
And transport murmurs through the sacred grove.
The joy of pleasing adds its sacred zest,
And all is love, embracing and embraced.

The golden morn beheld the scenes of joy;
Nor, sultry noon, mayst thou the bowers annoy;

The sultry noon-beam shines the lover's aid,
And sends him glowing to the secret shade.
O'er every shade and every nuptial bower
The love-sick strain the virgin turtles pour;
For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd,
The Lusian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, boun
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'
By every spousal holy ritual tied,
No chance they vow shall e'er their hands divide
In life, in death, attendant as their fame;
Such was the oath of ocean's sovereign Dame:
The Dame (from Heaven and holy Vesta sprung
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)
Enraptured views the Chief whose deathless nam
The wondering world and conquer'd seas proclai
With stately pomp she holds the Hero's hand,
And gives her empire to his dread command,
By spousal ties confirm'd; nor past untold
What Fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old:
The world's vast globe in radiant sphere s
shew'd,
The shores immense, and seas unknown, unplough'

The seas, the shores, due to the Lusian keel
And Lusian sword, she hastens to reveal.
The glorious Leader by the hand she takes,
And, dim below, the flowery bowers forsakes.
High on a mountain's starry top divine
Her palace walls of living crystal shine;
Of gold and crystal blaze the lofty towers:
Here bathed in joy they pass the blissful hours:
Ingulph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day
On downy pinions glides unknown away.
While thus the sovereigns in the palace reign,
Like transport riots o'er the humbler plain,
Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers
His lovely bride to every bride prefers.

Hence, ye profane *—the song melodious rose,
By mildest zephyrs wafted through the boughs,

* *Hence ye profane*—We have already observed, that in every other poet the love-scenes are generally described as those of guilt and remorse. The contrary character of those of Camoens, not only gives them a delicacy unknown to other moderns; but by the fiction of the spousal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are most happily conducted.

Unseen the warblers of the holy strain—
Far from these sacred bowers, ye lewd profan
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear
Chaste and divine are all the raptures here.
The nymphs of ocean and the ocean's Queen,
The isle angelic, every raptured scene,
The charms of honour and its meed confess,
These are the raptures, these the wedded blis
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever blossom'd palms of fair renown,
By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy;
These are the transports of the Isle of Joy.
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes;
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the goc
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever just,
To arts and valour rear'd the worshipp'd bust
High, steep, and rugged, painful to be trod,
With toils on toils immense is virtue's road;
But smooth at last the walks umbrageous smile
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our isle.
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, strove,
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove;

Like you to bless mankind Minerva toil'd;
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild;
O'er the waste desert Bacchus spread the vine;
And Ceres taught the harvest field to shine.
Fame rear'd her trumpet; to the blest abodes
She raised, and hail'd them gods and sprung of gods.

The love of Fame, by heaven's own hand imprest,
The first and noblest passion of the breast,
May yet mislead—Oh guard, ye hero train,
No harlot robes of honours false and vain,
No tinsel yours, be yours all native gold,
Well-earn'd each honour, each respect you hold:
To your loved King return a guardian band,
Return the guardians of your native land;
To tyrant power be dreadful; from the jaws
Of fierce oppression guard the peasant's cause.
If youthful fury pant for shining arms,
Spread o'er the Eastern World the dread alarms;
There bends the Saracen the hostile bow,
The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe;
There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,
And break his tyrant sceptre o'er his chains.

On adamantine pillars thus shall stand
The throne, the glory of your native land,
And Lusian heroes, an immortal line,
Shall ever with us share our Isle divine.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

FICTION OF THE ISLAND OF VENUS.

From the earliest ages, and in the most distant nations, palaces, forests and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's island of Radamanthus, the description is sometimes only cursory; at other times they have lavished all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landscapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the Odyssey, and the Elysium in the Æneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. These subjects, however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry, that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics, the innumerable descriptions of this kind, which abound in the old Romances. In these, under different allegorical names, every passion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its inchanted bower, or its dreary cave. The fictions of the Arabs were adopted by the Troubadours and first Gothic Romancers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed from the Troubadours; Ariosto borrowed from Pulci and his followers; and Spenser has copied Ariosto and Tasso. In the sixth and seventh books of the Orlando Furioso, there is a fine description of the island and palace of Alcina or Vice;

and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logistilla or Virtue. The passage, of this kind, however, where Ariosto has displayed the richest poetical painting, is in the xxxiv book, in the description of Paradise, whither he sends Astolpho the English Duke, to ask the aid of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is most admirably fanciful. Astolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horse, sees Paradise, and, accompanied by the Evangelist, visits the moon; the description of which orb is almost literally translated in Milton's Limbo. But the passage which may be said to bear the nearest resemblance to the descriptive part of the Island of Venus is the landscape of Paradise, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole's translation is subjoined.

O'er the glad earth the blissful season pours
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers.
In vary'd tints: there shew'd the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.
The mead appears one intermingled blaze
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays.
Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields,
As the fair turf of those celestial fields.
On every tree the leaves unfading grow,
The fruitage ripens and the flowrets blow.
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
Amid the boughs their notes melodious sing:
Still lakes, and murmuring streams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the listening ear.
A softening genial air, that ever seems
In even tenor, cools the solar beams

With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd field,
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield
Of grateful scent, the stealing gales dispense
The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame emits a streamy light,
And wrapt in splendour of refulgent day,
Outshines the strength of every mortal ray.

Astolpho gently now directs his speed
To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes
Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.
With this compar'd he deems the world below
A dreary desert and a seat of woe,
By Heaven and Nature, in their wrath bestow'd,
In evil hour for man's unblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew,
In stedfast gaze transported at the view:
They seem'd one gem entire, of purer red
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed.
Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,
Transcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd!
No more henceforth let boasting tongues proclaim
Those wonders of the world, so chronicled by fame!

Camoens read and admired Ariosto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his island of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery description is as common in

poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Ariosto n beautiful women in the palace of Alcina:

Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,
Or sport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face
Had modesty attemper'd every grace;
In vestures green each damsel swept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
These, with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this sweet Paradise of soft delight....
Enamour'd youths and tender damsels seem
To chant their loves beside a purling stream,
Some by a branching tree or mountain's shade
In sports and dances press the downy glade,
While one discloses to his friend, apart,
The secret transports of his amorous heart. B.

But these descriptions also, which bring the heroes of k errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as comm the old romances as the use of the alphabet; and indee greatest part of these love adventures are evidently born from the fable of Circe. Astolpho, who was transformed i myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero;

Her former lovers she esteem'd no more,
For many lovers she possess'd before;
I was her joy ——
Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind
In love inconstant as the changing wind!
Scarce had I held two months the Fairy's grace,
When a new youth was taken to my place:

Rejected then I join'd the banish'd herd
That lost her love, as others were preferr'd . . .
Some here, some there, her potent charms retain,
In diverse forms imprison'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, and cedars clos'd,
Or such as me you here behold expos'd;
In fountains some, and some in beasts confin'd,
As suits the wayward Fairy's cruel mind.

Hoole, Ar. B. VI.

When incidents, character and conduct confess the resemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy taken. Where only a similar stroke of passion or description ccurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulness, to tell us what passage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has en persecuted in this manner; Milton in particular. His comentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet te the creed of the Atheist, their system is involved in the eepest absurdity. It is easy to suppose, that men of poetical elings, in describing the same thing, should give us the same icture. But that the Paradise Lost, which forms one animated whole of the noblest poetry, is a mere cento, compiled om innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a supposition hich gives Milton a cast of talents infinitely more extraordiary and inexplicable, than the greatest poetical genius. When *asper Poussin* painted clouds and trees in his landscapes, he id not borrow the green and the blue, of the leaf and the sky, rom *Claud Lorrain*. Neither did Camoens, when he painted is island of Venus, spend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predecessors, who had described the beauties of the vernal year or the stages of passion. Camoens

knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; these formed his taste and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landscapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he describes the agitations of that passion.

Nor is the description of fairy bowers and palaces, though most favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The poetry of the Orientals also abounds with them, yet with some characteristical differences. Like the constitutions and dress of the Asiatics, the landscapes of the eastern Muse are warm and feeble, brilliant and slight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal sameness. The western Muse, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, sometimes flowery as her Italian or English fields, sometimes majestically great as her Runic forests of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all these differences of feature, several Oriental fictions greatly resemble the island of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of Prince *Agib*, or the third Calander, in the *Arabian Tales*, afford a striking likeness of painting and catastrophe.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of islands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camoens. The island of Venus contains, of all others, by much the compleatest gradation, and fullest assemblage of that species of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fullness. Nor can the island of Armida in Tasso be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or passionate expression; though Tasso as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoens, as Spenser appropriated the imagery of Tasso, when he described the bower of Acrasia, part of which he has literally translated

om the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and
rasia however are much too long to be here inserted, and
ey are well known to every reader of taste.

But the chief praise of our Poet is yet unmentioned. The
troduction of so beautiful a fiction, as an essential part of the
nduct and machinery of an Epic Poem, does the greatest ho-
our to the invention of Camoens. The machinery of the for-
er part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is com-
leted by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil, has in
his not only received a fine imitation, but a masterly contrast.
n the finest allegory the heroes of the Lusiad receive their re-
ard; and by means of this allegory our Poet gives a noble
mitation of the noblest part of the Æneid. In the tenth
usiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine
alace of Thetis sing the triumphs of their countrymen in the
onquest of India: after this the Goddess gives Gama a view
f the Eastern World, from the Cape of Good Hope to the fur-
hest islands of Japan. She poetically describes every region
and the principal islands, and concludes, *All these are given to the Western World by You.* It is impossible that any poem can be summed up with greater sublimity. The Fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchises, which forms the most masterly fiction, finest compliment, and ultimate purpose of the Æneid, is not only nobly imitated; but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already observed, is paralleled, without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot possibly bear a stronger resemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Lusiad, the prophetic song, and the vision shewn to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the completion of the anger of

Achilles, the subject of the Iliad. Nor is it a great
resemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be re
a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never saw the
original tongue, he certainly *heard* of Fanshaw's
which was published fourteen years before he gave
Lost to the world. But whatever he knew of it,
book of the Lusiad been two thousand years k
learned, every one would have owned that the two
the Paradise Lost were evidently formed upon it.
Milton borrowed any hint from Camoens, is of
quence. That the genius of the great Milton st
conclusion of his immortal Poem in the manner an
of the Lusiad, is enough. It is enough that the par
and Adam in the two last books of the Paradise
point of conduct exactly the same with the part o
Gama in the conclusion of the Lusiad. Yet th
must be observed; in the narrative of his last b
has *flagged*, as Addison calls it, and fallen infini
the untired spirit of the Portuguese Poet.

END OF BOOK IX.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK X.

FAR o'er the western ocean's distant bed
Apollo now his fiery coursers sped,
Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic * roll'd
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:
The eastern sky was left to dusky grey,
And o'er the last hot breath of parting day,
Cool o'er the sultry noon's remaining flame,
In gentle gales the grateful twilight came.

* *Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic* ——The city of Mexico is environed with an extensive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his second narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of fresh, the other of salt water, in circuit about fifty leagues.

Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze
Sighs o'er the lawns and whispers through the tree
Refresh'd the lily rears the silver head,
And opening jasmines o'er the arbours spread.
Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like distant snow,
Graceful arose the moon, serenely slow;
Not yet full orb'd, in clouded splendour drest,
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breast.
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,
The nightingale his spousal anthem sung;
From every bower the holy chorus rose,
From every bower the rival anthem flows.
Translucent twinkling through the upland grove
In all her lustre shines the star of love;
Led by the sacred ray from every bower,
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:
Each with the youth above the rest approved,
Each with the nymph above the rest beloved,
They seek the palace of the sovereign dame;
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame:
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars shone,
The walls were crystal starr'd with precious stone.

nid the hall arose the festive board
ith nature's choicest gifts promiscuous stor'd:
› will'd the Goddess to renew the smile
f vital strength, long worn by days of toil.
n crystal chairs that shined as lambent flame
ach gallant youth attends his lovely dame;
eneath a purple canopy of state
he beauteous Goddess and the Leader sate:
he banquet glows—Not such the feast, when all
he pride of luxury in Egypt's hall
:fore the love-sick Roman spread the boast
f every teeming sea and fertile coast.
.cred to noblest worth and Virtue's ear,
ivine as genial was the banquet here;
he wine, the song, by sweet returns inspire,
ow wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.
n gold and silver from th' Atlantic main,
he sumptuous tribute of the sea's wide reign,
f various savour was the banquet piled;
mid the fruitage mingling roses smiled.
ı cups of gold that shed a yellow light,
ı silver shining as the moon of night,

Amid the banquet flow'd the sparkling wine,
Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine:
Falernia's vintage nor the fabled power
Of Jove's ambrosia in th' Olympian bower
To this compare not; wild nor frantic fires,
Divinest transport this alone inspires.
The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breast
The crystal fountain's cooling aid * confest;
The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,
Sapient discourse, the banquet of the soul,
Of richest argument and brightest glow,
Array'd in dimpling smiles, in easiest flow
Pour'd all its graces: nor in silence stood
The powers of music, such as erst subdued

* *The beverage—the fountain's cooling aid confest*—It wa custom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the cold spring water with their wine, immediately before drinkir not, we may suppose, to render it less intoxicating, but on count of the heightened flavour it thereby received. Hor tells us, that the wine which Ulysses gave to Polypheme wo bear twenty measures of water. Modern luxury, by plac the bottle in preserved ice, has found a method to give wine the most agreeable coolness, without reducing its qual

horrid frown of Hell's profound * domains,
sooth'd the tortur'd ghosts to slumber on their
usic's sweetest chords in loftiest vein, [chains.
ngel Syren joins the vocal strain;
ilver roofs resound the living song,
iarp and organ's lofty mood prolong
iallowed warblings; listening Silence rides
iky, and o'er the bridled winds presides;
ftest murmurs flows the glassy deep,
each, lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep.
lofty song ascends the thrilling skies,
song of godlike heroes yet to rise;
gave the dream, whose glow the Syren fired,
present Jove the prophecy inspired.
ie, the bard of love-sick Dido's board,
ie, the minstrel of Phæacia's lord, [string,
gh fam'd in song, could touch the warbling
ith a voice so sweet, melodious sing.
thou, my Muse, O fairest of the train,
ope, inspire my closing strain.

Music, such as erst subdued the horrid frown of Hell, &c.—
ng to the fable of Orpheus.

No more the summer of my life * remains,
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;
Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes
Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,
The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain
My anchor never to be weigh'd again,
Never on other sea of life to steer
The human course—Yet thou, O goddess, hear,
Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head
Misfortune's bitterest rage unpitying shed
Her coldest storms; yet let me live to crown
The song that boasts my nation's proud renown.

* *No more the summer of my life remains*—It is not certain when Camoens wrote this. It seems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apostrophe to his Muse may perhaps by some be blamed as another digression; but so little does it require defence, that one need not hesitate to affirm, that had Homer, who often talks to his Muse, introduced, on these favourable opportunities, any little picture or history of himself these digressions would have been the most interesting parts of his works. Had any such little history of Homer complained like this of Camoens, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

Of godlike heroes sung the nymph divine,
eroes whose deeds on Gama's crest shall shine;
Who through the seas by Gama first explor'd
hall bear the Lusian standard and the sword,
ill every coast where roars the orient main,
lest in its sway shall own the Lusian reign;
ill every Pagan king his neck shall yield,
r vanquish'd gnaw the dust on battle field.

High Priest of Malabar, the goddess sung,
hy faith repent not, nor lament thy * wrong;
hough for thy faith to Lusus' generous race
he raging Zamorèem thy fields deface:
rom Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco sails,
o India wafted on auspicious gales.

* *Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong*—P. Alvarez Cabral, the second Portuguese commander who sailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara, king of Cochin, and high priest of Malabar. The Zamorim raised powerful armies to dethrone him, but his fidelity to the Portuguese was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the lowest ebb. For an account of this war, and the almost incredible achievements of Pacheco, see the succeeding notes to this book.

Soon as his crooked prow the tide shall press,
A new Achilles shall the tide confess;
His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his weight,
And deeper waves receive the sacred freight.
Soon as on India's strand he shakes his spear,
The burning east shall tremble, chill'd with fear;
Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's stream
Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam.
Urged on by raging shame the Monarch brings,
Banded with all their powers, his vassal kings:
Narsinga's rocks their cruel thousands pour,
Bipur's stern king attends, and thine, Tanore:
To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride
All the wide North sweeps down its peopled tide:
Join'd are the sects that never * touch'd before,
By land the Pagan, and by sea the Moor.
O'er land, o'er sea the great Pacheco strews
The prostrate spearmen, and the founder'd † proas

* —— *That never touch'd before*—To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior *cast*, is esteemed among the Gentoos as the greatest pollution. See note, page 22 of this volume.

† *Proas*, or paraos, Indian vessels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards apiece.

Submiss and silent, palsied with amaze
Proud Malabar th' unnumbered slain surveys:
Yet burns the Monarch; to his shrine he speeds;
Dire howl the priests, the groaning victim bleeds;
The ground they stamp, and from the dark abodes
With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.
Enraged with dog-like madness to behold
His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,
Secure of promised victory, again
He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with slain.
With stern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,
And for the dreadful field Himself prepares;
His harness'd thousands to the fight he leads,
And rides exulting where the combat bleeds:
Amid his pomp his robes are sprinkled o'er,
And his proud face dash'd with his * menials' gore:

* *And his proud face dash'd with his menials' gore*—The Zamorim of Calicut left no means untried to detach the king of Cochin from the alliance which he had formed with the Portuguese, and on finding all his efforts for that purpose prove ineffectual, collected a formidable army and overrun his country, taking the city of Cochin, the capital of his dominions, and driving Trimumpara to the island of Viopia, where he was reduced to the greatest distress. Upon the appearance of the

From his high couch he leaps, and speeds to flight
On foot inglorious, in his army's sight.
Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell,
The secret poison and the chanted spell;
Vain as the spell the poison'd rage is shed,
For Heaven defends the hero's sacred head.

Portuguese fleet, which unexpectedly arrived from Europe, under the command of Albuquerque and Pacheco, the Zamorim retreated, and the King of Cochin was reinstated in his capital, where Pacheco remained with 150 Portuguese, to defend the place against his enemy, who was again advancing at the head of a very powerful army. The city of Cochin is situated on an island, divided from the continent by an arm of the sea, one part of which is fordable at low water: this passage Pacheco took every precaution to secure. The King of Cochin's troops amounted only to 5000, whilst the fleet and army of the Zamorim consisted of 57,000 men; yet this great force was repeatedly defeated by Pacheco. Seven times the Zamorim raised new armies, all of which were successively destroyed at the fords of Cochin. Though the Zamorim in the latter battles led his troops on in person, and, as Camoens has observed, was dashed with the blood of those who fell by his side; although he had recourse to poison and every act of fraud; yet all his attempts, open and private, were baffled by the stratagems and intrepidity of Pacheco. At last, in despair, he resigned his crown, and passed the remainder of his life, secluded from the world, in one of his idol temples.

fiercer from each wound the Tyrant burns,
to the field with heavier force returns.
seventh dread war he kindles; high in air
hills dishonour'd lift their shoulders bare;
ir woods roll'd down now strew the river's side,
v rise in mountain turrets o'er the tide;
untains of fire and spires of bickering flame,
ile either bank resounds the proud acclaim,
ie floating down, round Lusus' fleet to pour
ir sulphrous entrails in a burning shower.
vain the hope—Let Rome her boast resign;
palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine;
Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's * red field,
thine, Thermopylæ, such deeds beheld;
Fabius' arts such rushing storms repell'd.

Nor Tyber's bridge — When Porsenna besieged Rome, atius Cocles defended the pass of a bridge till the Romans oyed it behind him. Having thus saved the pass, heavy ed as he was, he swam across the river to his companions. Roman history, however, at this period, is often mixt with . Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Ma- on. The stand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of heco were in defence of the fords by which the city of ain could only be entered. The numbers he withstood by

Swift as repulsed the famished wolf returns
Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns:
So swift, so fierce, seven times all India's might
Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight;
One hundred spears, seven times in dreadful stower,
Strews in the dust all India's raging power.

The lofty song, for paleness o'er her spread,
The nymph suspends, and bows the languid head;
Her faultering words are breath'd on plaintive sighs,
Ah, Belisarius, injured Chief, she cries,
Ah, wipe thy tears; in war thy rival see,
Injured Pacheco falls despoil'd like thee;
In him, in thee dishonour'd virtue bleeds,
And valour weeps to view her fairest deeds,
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn he lies
Low on an alms-house * bed, and friendless dies.

land and sea, and the victories he obtained, are indeed highly astonishing.

* *Low on an alms-house bed, and friendless dies.*—Shortly after Pacheco's brilliant defence of Cochin he was recalled to Europe. The King of Portugal paid the highest compliments to his valour; and as he had acquired no fortune in India, in reward of

et shall the Muses plume his humble bier,
nd ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
hough by the king, alone to thee unjust,
hy head, great Chief, was humbled in the dust,
oud shall the Muse indignant sound thy praise,
Thou gavest thy Monarch's throne its proudest
blaze."
'hile round the world the sun's bright car shall ride,
bright shall shine thy name's illustrious pride;
hy Monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam,
clipsed by thine, shall send a sickly gleam.
ich meed attends when soothing flattery sways,
nd blinded State its sacred trust betrays!

services, gave him a lucrative government in Africa. But erit always has enemies. Pacheco was accused, and by the ng's order brought to Lisbon in irons; and those hands which d preserved the Portuguese interest in India, were in Portu- l chained to a dungeon, where Pacheco was suffered to re- ain a considerable time ere a legal sentence declared his tegrity to his country. He was at length honourably ac- itted of the charges preferred against him; but his merit as thought of no more, and he died neglected in an alms- use.

Again the Nymph exalts her brow, again
Her swelling voice resounds the lofty strain:
Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,
Deputed royalty his standard rears:
In all the generous rage of youthful fire
The warlike son attends the warlike sire.
Quiloa's blood-stain'd tyrant now shall feel
The righteous vengeance of the Lusian steel.
Another prince, by Lisboa's throne beloved,
Shall bless the land, for faithful deeds approved.
Mombaze shall now her treason's meed behold,
When curling flames her proudest domes enfold:
Involved in smoke, loud crashing, low shall fall
The mounded temple and the castled wall.
O'er India's seas the young Almeyda pours,
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron showers;
Torn masts and rudders, hulks and canvass riven,
Month after month before his prows are driven.
But Heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkness
rest,
That awful will, which knows alone the best,

Now blunts his spear: Cambaya's squadrons joined
With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined,
Engrasp him round; red boils the staggering flood,
Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood;
Whirl'd by the cannon's rage, in shivers torn
His thigh, far scatter'd o'er the wave, is borne.
Bound to the mast the godlike hero * stands,
Waves his proud sword and cheers his woeful bands.
Though winds and seas their wonted aid deny,
To yield he knows not, but he knows to die:
Another thunder tears his manly breast:
Oh fly, blest spirit, to thy heavenly rest—
Hark, rolling on the groaning storm I hear,
Resistless vengeance thundering on the rear!

* *Bound to the mast the godlike hero stands*—The English history affords an instance of similar resolution in Admiral Bembo, who was supported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were shivered in splinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers, the young Almeyda refused to bear off, though almost certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were critically against him. His father had sharply upbraided him for a former retreat, when victory was thought impossible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory.

I see the transports of the furious sire,
As o'er the mangled corpse his eyes flash fire.
Swift to the fight, with stern though weeping eye
Fixt rage fierce burning in his breast, he flies;
Fierce as the bull that sees his rival rove
Free with the heifers through the mounded grove
On oak or beech his madning fury pours;
So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.
His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian sky,
Before his prows the fleets of India * fly:
On Egypt's chief his mortars' dreadful tire
Shall vomit all the rage of prison'd fire: [tid
Heads, limbs, and trunks shall choak the struggli
Till every surge with reeking crimson dyed,

* —— *the fleets of India fly.*—After having cleared the I dian seas, the viceroy Almeyda attacked the combined fleets Egypt, Cambaya, and the Zamorim, in the entrance and harbo of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the Zamorim almost immediate fled. That of Melique Yaz, Lord of Diu, suffered much; b the greatest slaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, cor manded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the you Almeyda. Of 800 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought und Mir-Hocem, only twenty-two, says Osorius, survived this e gagement.

round the young Almeyda's hapless urn
lis conquerors' naked ghosts shall howl and mourn.
ıs meteors flashing through the darken'd air
see the victors' whirling falchions glare;
ark rolls the sulphrous smoke o'er Dio's skies,
nd shrieks of death and shouts of conquest rise,
one wide tumult blended: The rough roar
akes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling shore;
ıe waves of Indus from the banks recoil;
ıd matrons howling on the strand of Nile,
the pale moon their absent sons deplore—
ng shall they wail; their sons return no more.

Ah, strike the notes of woe, the Syren cries,
dreary vision swims before my eyes.
ɔ Tago's shore triumphant as he bends,
ow in the dust the Hero's glory ends:
hough bended bow, nor thundering engine's hail,
or Egypt's sword, nor India's spear prevail,
all shall the * Chief before a naked foe,
ough clubs and rude hurl'd stones shall strike the blow;

* *Fall shall the Chief.*—See the note, page 149, vol. ii.

The Cape of Tempests shall his tomb supply,
And in the desert sands his bones shall lie,
No boastful trophy o'er his ashes rear'd:
Such Heaven's dread will, and be that will rever'd!

But lo, resplendent shines another star,
Loud she resounds, in all the blaze of war!
Great * Cunia guards Melinda's friendly shore,
And dyes her seas with Oja's hostile gore;
Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:
Great Madagascar's flowery dales shall swell
His echoed fame, till ocean's southmost bound
On isles and shores unknown his name resound.

Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!
Great Albuquerk awakes the dread alarms:
O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours
While Heaven, the Hero's guide, indignant † showers

* *Great Cunia*—Tristan de Cunha, or d'Acugna: he succeeded Almeyda in the government of India.

† *Heaven indignant showers their arrows backward.*—See the note, page 70, vol. ii. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque besieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows

Their arrows backward on the Persian foe,
Tearing the breasts and arms that twang'd the bow.
Mountains of salt and fragrant gums in vain
Were spent untainted to embalm the slain.
Such heaps shall strew the sea and faithless strand
Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,
Till faithless Ormuz own the Lusian sway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly safety pay.

What glorious palms on Goa's * isle I see,
Their blossoms spread, great Albuquerk, for thee!
Through castled walls the hero breaks his way,
And opens with his sword the dread array

the enemy backward upon their own ranks. Osorius says, that many of the dead Persians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not used by the Portuguese, he conjectures, that in their despair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themselves, rather than survive the defeat.

* *What glorious palms on Goa's isle I see*—This important place was made an archbishoprick, the capital of the Portuguese empire in the East, and the seat of their viceroys. It is advantageously situated for these purposes on the coast of Decan. It still remains in the possession of the Portuguese.

Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through spears and showering fire the battle guides.
As bulls enraged, or lions smear'd with gore,
His bands sweep wide o'er Goa's purpled shore.
Nor eastward far through fair Malacca* lie,
Her groves embosom'd in the morning sky;
Though with her amorous sons the valiant line
Of Java's isle in battle rank combine,
Though poison'd shafts their ponderous quivers stor
Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerk, thy dauntless toils shall crown
Yet art thou † stain'd—Here with a sighful frown

* *Malacca*—The conquest of this place was one of the gre
est actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of t
eastern part of Portuguese India, and second only to Goa.

† *Yet art thou stain'd*—A detail of all the great actions
Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. C
moens has chosen the most brilliant, and has happily suppr
sed the rest by a display of indignation. The particular acti
here alluded to, was the wanton execution of a Portuguese s
dier, named Ruy Diaz, for the seduction of an Indian girl, t
slave of Albuquerque. It was the particular aim of this gr
man to establish colonies in India, for which purpose, he c
couraged his soldiers to marry with the natives; his severi
therefore towards Diaz, who does not appear to have used a

The Goddess paused, for much remain'd unsung,
But blotted with an humble soldier's wrong.
Alas, she cries, when war's dread horrors reign,
And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain,
When ghastly famine on a hostile soil,
When pale disease attends on weary toil,
When patient under all the soldier stands,
Detested be the rage which then demands
The humble soldier's blood, his only crime
The amorous frailty of the youthful prime!
Incest's cold horror here no glow restrained,
Nor sacred nuptial bed was here profaned,

violence in the gratification of his passion, seems wholly unaccountable, unless we admit the perhaps of Camoens, *ou de ciuso*, perhaps it was jealousy.—But whatever incensed the general, the execution of the soldier was contrary to the laws of every nation *; and the honest indignation of Camoens against one of the greatest of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portuguese empire in the east, affords a noble instance of that manly freedom of sentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injustice to the meanest subject.

* Osorius represents the crime of Diaz as mutiny, having been against the strict orders of Albuquerque. Diaz, however, was guilty of no breach of military duty, which alone constitutes the crime of mutiny.

Nor here unwelcome force the virgin seized;
A slave lascivious, in his fondling pleas'd,
Resigns her breast—Ah, stain to Lusian fame!
('Twas lust of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame;)
The Leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,
Consigns the youthful soldier to the grave.
Not Ammon thus Apelles' love * repaid,
Great Ammon's bed resign'd the lovely maid:
Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araspas' fire;
Nor haughtier Carlo thus assumed the sire,
Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower,
An ill-match'd lover, stole in secret hour:
With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,
And Flandria's † earldom on the knight bestow'd.

* *Not Ammon*—Campaspe, the most beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araspes had strict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

† *And Flandria's earldom on the knight bestow'd.*—"Baldwin, surnamed Ironarm, grand forester of Flanders, being in love with Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald, and widow of Ethelwolfe, King of England, obtained his desire by force. Charles, though at first he highly resented, afterwards pardoned his crime, and consented to his marriage with the princess."—*Castera.*

Again the nymph the song of fame resounds;
O, sweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,
Wide o'er Arabia's purple shore on high
The Lusian ensigns blaze along the sky!
Mecca, aghast, beholds the standards shine,
And midnight horror shakes Medina's * shrine;
The unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching foe,
Foredoom'd in dust its prophet's tomb to strew.

* *And midnight horror shakes Medina's shrine.*—Medina, the ity where Mohammed is buried. About six years after Gama's scovery of India, the Sultan of Egypt sent Maurus, the abbot the monks at Jerusalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an emssy to Pope Julius II. The Sultan, with severe threats to the ristians of the East in case of refusal, intreated the Pope to sire Emmanuel King of Portugal to send no more fleets to e Indian seas. The Pope sent Maurus to Emmanuel, who turned a very spirited answer to his Holiness, assuring him at no threats, no dangers, could make him alter his resolu-ns, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fil his promise of demolishing the sepulchre and erazing the emorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he says, was e first purpose of sending his fleets to India. *Nobis enim, cum er in Indiam classibus nostris aperire, & regiones majoribus nos-is incognitas explorare decrevimus, hoc propositum fuit, ut ipsum Mahumetanæ sectæ caput.....extingueremus*—It is with great rt that Camoens so often reminds us of the grand design of the expedition of his heroes, to subvert Mohammedism and

Nor Ceylon's isle, brave Soarez, shall with-hold
Its incense, precious as the burnish'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's loftiest spire
Thy flag shall blaze: Nor shall th' immortal lyre
Forget thy praise, Sequeyra! To the shore
Where Sheba's sapient queen the * sceptre bore,
Braving the Red Sea's dangers shalt thou force
To Abyssinia's realm thy novel course;
And isles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Lusian sword shall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high shall rear
His victor lance, till deep shall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.

Now shines thy glory in meridian height,
And loud her voice she raised; O matchless Knigl

found a Christian empire in the East. But the dignity whi this gives his poem has already been observed in the note, pa 2, vol. i.

* *Where Sheba's sapient queen the sceptre bore*—The Abys nians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in t Scripture, and that the queen who visited Solomon bore a s

Thou, thou, illustrious Gama, thou shalt bring
The olive-bough of peace, deputed king!
The lands by Thee discover'd shall obey
Thy scepter'd power, and bless thy regal sway.
But India's crimes, outrageous to the skies,
A length of these Saturnian days denies:
Snatch'd from thy golden throne* the heavens shall claim
Thy deathless soul, the world thy deathless name.

Now o'er the coast of faithless Malabar
Victorious Henry † pours the rage of war;

to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the present time, is descended.

* *Snatch'd from thy golden throne*—Gama, in this, his third voyage to India, only reigned three months as viceroy. During his second voyage, the third which the Portuguese made to India, he gave the Zamorim some considerable defeats by sea, besides his victories over the Moors. These, however, are judiciously omitted by Camoens, as the less striking part of his character.

† *Victorious Henry*—Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight years of age when appointed to the government of India. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth years thirteen reals and an half, not a crown in the whole, was all

Nor less the youth a nobler strife shall wage,
Great victor of himself though green in age;
No restless slave of wanton amorous fire,
No lust of gold shall taint his generous ire.
While youth's bold pulse beats high, how b
the boy
Whom harlot smiles nor pride of power decoy
Immortal be his name! Nor less thy praise,
Great Mascarene *, shall future ages raise:

the private property found in the possession of this your vernor. A noble example of disinterested heroism.

* *Great Mascarene*—Pedro de Mascarenhas. The inj done to this brave officer, and the usurpation of the g ment by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, forms one of the m teresting periods of the history of the Portuguese in In It was the custom of the kings of Portugal, to send co sions, or writs of succession, to India, sealed up, with which should be first opened, when a successor to gover was wanted. Gama brought three of these writs, in the which Menezes was appointed his successor, who dyin second was opened, and Pedro de Mascarenhas was named. As this officer was at Malacca, the third comm was therefore opened, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo w pointed governor; he took an oath to resign on the arr Mascarenhas, and immediately assumed the reins of g ment. Upon the arrival however of Mascarenhas, Sa

Though power, unjust, withhold the splendid ray
That dignifies the crest of sovereign sway,
Thy deeds, great Chief, on Bintam's humbled shore,
Deeds such as Asia never view'd before,
Shall give thy honest fame a brighter blaze
Than tyrant pomp in golden robes displays.
Though bold in war the fierce Usurper shine,
Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine
Drive vanquish'd; though the Lusian Hector's sword
For him reap conquest, and confirm him Lord;
Thy deeds, great Peer, the wonder of thy foes,
Thy glorious chains unjust, and generous woes,
Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's fairest fame,
And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.
Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured chief,
Not thy own sorrows give the sharpest grief.
Thou seest the Lusian name her honours stain,
And lust of gold her heroes' breasts profane;

refused to resign his power, and attempted to murder him. As the council of Goa dreaded the power of Sampayo, they declared him the lawful governor, and Mascarenhas returned to Lisbon, where he was honourably received by the king, and appointed governor of Azamor in Africa.

Thou seest ambition lift the impious head,
Nor God's red arm, nor lingering justice dread;
O'er India's bounds thou seest these vultures prow
Full gorged with blood, and dreadless of control;
Thou seest and weep'st thy country's blotted name
The generous sorrow thine, but not the shame.
Nor long the Lusian ensigns stain'd remain;
Great Nunio * comes, and rases every stain.
Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear;
Though haughty Melic groan beneath his spear;
All these, and Dio yielded to his name,
Are but th' embroidery of his nobler fame.
Far haughtier foes of Lusian race he braves;
The awful sword of justice high he waves:
Before his bar the injured Indian stands,
And justice boldly on his foe demands,
The Lusian foe; in wonder lost the Moor
Beholds proud Rapine's vulture gripe restore;
Beholds the Lusian hands in fetters bound
By Lusian hands, and wound repaid for wound.

* *Great Nunio.*—Nunio de Cunha, one of the most worthy of the Portuguese governors.

Oh, more shall thus by Nunio's worth be won,
Than conquest reaps from high-plumed hosts o'er-
thrown.
Long shall the generous Nunio's blissful sway
Command supreme. In Dio's hopeless day
The sovereign toil the brave Noronha takes;
Awed by his fame* the fierce-soul'd Rumien† shakes,
And Dio's open'd walls in sudden flight forsakes.
A son of thine, O Gama‡, now shall hold
The helm of empire, prudent, wise, and bold:
Malacca saved and strengthen'd by his arms,
The banks of Tor shall echo his alarms;

* *Awed by his fame*—That brave generous spirit, which prompted Camoens to condemn the great Albuquerque for injustice to a common soldier, has here deserted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrors of his name, Noronha reserved infamy. The siege of Dio, it is true, was raised on the report of his approach, but the report was the stratagem of the *Zofar*, one of the general officers of the assailants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predecessor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman.

† See note at page 199.

‡ *A son of thine, O Gama*—Stephen de Gama, a son of the discoverer of India.

His worth shall bless the kingdoms of the morn,
For all thy virtues shall his soul adorn.
When fate resigns the hero to the skies,
A veteran, famed on Brazil's shore, * shall rise:
The wide Atlantic and the Indian main,
By turns shall own the terrors of his reign.
His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,
His potent aid Cambaya's king restores.
The dread Mogul with all his thousands flies,
And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.
Nor less the Zamorim o'er blood-stain'd ground
Shall speed his legions, torn with many a wound,
In headlong rout. Nor shall the boastful pride
Of India's navy, though the shaded tide
Around the squadron'd masts appear the down
Of some wide forest, other fate renown.
Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore
I hear the tempest of the battle roar!

* *A veteran, fam'd on Brazil's shore*—Martin Alonzo de Sousa. He was celebrated for clearing the coast of Brazil of several pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

Clung to the splinter'd mast I see the dead
Badala's shores with horrid wreck bespread;
Baticala inflamed by treacherous hate,
Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate:
Her seas in blood, her skies enwrapt in fire
Confess the sweeping storm of Souza's ire.
No hostile spear now rear'd on sea or strand,
The awful sceptre graces Souza's hand;
Peaceful he reigns, in counsel just and wise;
And glorious Castro now his throne supplies:
Castro, the boast of generous fame, afar
From Dio's strand shall sway the glorious war.
Mad'ning with rage to view the Lusian band,
A troop so few, proud Dio's towers command,
The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains,
And the proud Persian's languid zeal arraigns.
The Rumien fierce, who boasts the name of Rome *,
With these conspires, and vows the Lusians' doom.

* *The Rumien fierce, who boasts the name of Rome*—When the victories of the Portuguese began to overspread the East, several Indian princes, by the counsels of the Moors, applied for assistance to the Sultan of Egypt and the Grand Signior. The troops of these Mohammedan princes were in the highest re-

A thousand barbarous nations join their powers
To bathe with Lusian blood the Dion towers.
Dark rolling sheets, forth belch'd from brazen wombs,
And bored, like showering clouds, with hailing bombs,
O'er Dio's sky spread the black shades of death;
The mine's dread earthquakes shake the ground beneath.
No hope, bold Mascarene *, mayst thou respire,
A glorious fall alone, thy just desire.

putation for bravery, and though composed of many different, nations, were known among the orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The history of ancient Rome made the same figure among the Easterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages does with us; with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be the descendants of the Roman conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. It has been said that the *Gypsies* who are now scattered over Europe, were, about four or five centuries ago, driven by war from Egypt and Syria. The name by which, in their dialect, they call themselves, *Rumetch*, or *Rumetchin*, favours this opinion.

* *No hope, bold Mascarene*—The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this siege, one of the most memorable in the Portuguese history.

When lo, his gallant son brave Castro sends—
Ah heaven, what fate the hapless youth attends!
In vain the terrors of his falchion glare;
The cavern'd mine bursts, high in pitchy air
Rampire and squadron whirl'd convulsive, borne
To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.
His loftiest bough though fall'n, the generous sire
His living hope devotes with Roman ire.
On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar
Through oceans howling with the wintery war,
Through skies of snow his brother's vengeance bears:
And soon in arms the valiant sire appears:
Before him victory spreads her eagle-wing
Wide sweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.
In vain his thundering coursers shake the ground;
Cambaya bleeding of his might's last wound
Sinks pale in dust: Fierce Hydal-Kan * in vain
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.

* *Fierce Hydal-Kan*—The title of the lords or princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portuguese have sometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at last finally subdued by Don.

O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' smiling vales
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:
O'er every field, O Peace, thy blossoms glow,
The golden blossoms of thy olive bough;
Firm based on wisdom's laws great Castro crowns,
And the wide East the Lusian empire owns.

John de Castro, the fourth viceroy of India, with whose reign our poet judiciously ends the prophetic song. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Castro completed the system of the Portuguese empire in the East. It is with propriety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here summed up. Nor is the discretion of Camoens in this instance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himself was upon the scene in India. But whatever he had said of his cotemporaries would have been liable to misconstruction, and every sentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little poet would have been happy in such an opportunity to resent his wrongs. But the silent contempt of Camoens does him true honour.

In this historical song, as already hinted, the translator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into those universal languages, the picturesque and characteristic. To convey the sublimest instruction to princes, is, according to Aristotle, the peculiar province of the epic muse. The striking points of view, in which the different characters of the governors of India are here placed, are in the most happy conformity to this ingenious canon of the Stagyrite.

These warlike chiefs, the sons of thy renown,
And thousands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, shall through these seas unfold
Their victor-standards blaz'd with Indian gold;
And in the bosom of our flowery isle,
Embathed in joy shall o'er their labours smile.
Their nymphs like yours, their feast divine the same,
The raptured foretaste of immortal fame.

So sung the Goddess, while the sister train
With joyful anthem close the sacred strain;
Though Fortune from her whirling sphere bestow
Her gifts capricious in unconstant flow,
Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame
Shall ever constant grace the Lusian name.
So sung the joyful chorus, while around
The silver roofs the lofty notes resound.
The song prophetic, and the sacred feast,
Now shed the glow of strength through every breast.
When with the grace and majesty divine,
Which round immortals, when enamour'd, shine,

To crown the banquet of their deathless fame,
To happy GAMA thus the sovereign dame:
O loved of heaven, what never man before,
What wandering science never might explore,
By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to see
Great Nature's face unveil'd, is given to Thee.
Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead:
Firm be your steps, for arduous to the tread
Through matted brakes of thorn and brier, bestrew
With splinter'd flint, winds the steep slippe
road.
She spake, and smiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's summit soon they stand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had sported here. Here in the fragrant air
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!
Through every part the light transparent flow'd,
And in the centre as the surface glow'd.
The frame ethereal various orbs compose,
In whirling circles now they fell, now rose;

Yet never rose nor fell *, for still the same
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement still beginning, still complete,
It's Author's type, self-poised, perfection's seat.

Great VASCO thrill'd with reverential awe,
And rapt with keen desire, the wonder saw.

* *In whirling circles now they fell, now rose,—Yet never rose nor fell*—The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every system, bear, at all times, the same uniform relation to each other; these expressions, therefore, are strictly just. The first relates to the appearance, the second to the reality. Thus while to us the sun appears to go down, to the more western inhabitants of the globe he appears to rise, and while he rises to us, he is going down to the more eastern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the earth. And in this the expressions of our poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. The ancient hypothesis which made our earth the centre of the universe, is the system adopted by Camoens, a happiness, in the opinion of the translator, to the English Lusiad. The new system is so well known, that a poetical description of it would have been no novelty to the English reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour; but this description is perhaps the finest and fullest that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore less picturesque.

Our author studied at the university of Coimbra, where the ancient system and other doctrines of the Aristotelians then, and long afterwards, prevailed.

The Goddess mark'd the language of his eyes,
And here, she cried, thy largest wish suffice.
Great Nature's fabric thou dost here behold,
Th' ethereal pure, and elemental mould,
In pattern shewn complete, as Nature's God
Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abod
For every part the Power Divine pervades,
The sun's bright radiance and the central shades.
Yet let not haughty reason's bounded line
Explore the boundless God, or where define,
Where in himself in uncreated light,
(While all his worlds around seem wrapt in nigh
He holds his loftiest state *. By primal laws
Imposed on Nature's birth, Himself the cause,
By her own ministry through every maze
Nature in all her walks unseen he sways.
These spheres behold †; the first in wide embrac
Surrounds the lesser orbs of various face;

* *He holds his loftiest state*—Called by the old philosoph and school divines the *Sensorium* of the Deity.

† *These spheres behold*—According to the Peripatetics t universe consisted of eleven spheres inclosed within each othe In their accounts of this first mentioned, but eleventh spher which they called the empyrean or heaven of the blessed, t

The Empyrean this, the holiest heaven,
To the pure spirits of the Blest is given:
No mortal eye its splendid rays may bear,
No mortal bosom feel the raptures there.
The earth in all her summer pride array'd
To this might seem a drear sepulchral shade.
Unmoved it stands: within its shining frame,
In motion swifter than the lightning's flame,
Swifter than sight the moving parts may spy,
Another sphere whirls round its rapid sky.
Hence motion * darts its force, impulsive draws,
And on the other orbs impresses laws:

disciples of Aristotle, and the Arab Moors, gave a loose to all the warmth of imagination. And several of the Christian fathers applied to it the descriptions of heaven which are found in the Holy Scripture.

* *Hence motion darts its force*—This is the tenth sphere, the *Primum Mobile* of the ancient system. To account for the appearance of the heavens, the Peripatetics ascribed double motion to it. When its influence drew the other orbs from east to west, they supposed it had a motion of its own from west to east. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interposition of the ninth sphere, or crystalline heaven, was necessary. The ancient astronomers observed that the stars shifted their places. This they called the motion of the crystalline heaven, expres-

The Sun's bright car, attentive to its force
Gives night and day, and shapes his yearly course;

sed by our poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred solar years. The famous Arab astronomer Abulhasan, in his work entitled Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this sphere to consist of 49,000 of our years. But modern discoveries have not only corrected this calculation *, but have also ascertained the reason of the apparent motion of the fixed stars. The earth is not a perfect sphere; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator; hence the earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the procession of the equinoxes, and makes the stars seem to shift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years; according to which all the stars seem to perform one revolution in the space of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the same situation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic astronomers perceived that the motions of the heavens composed one great revolution. This they called the *Annus Magnus*, which those who did not understand them mistook for a restoration of all things to their first originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every respect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of 39,000 years to resume every circumstance of his present life, to be exactly the same in every contingency. And hence also the legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their

* However deficient the astronomy of Abulhasan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his prophet Mohammed, who tells his disciples, that the stars were each about the bigness of an house, and hung from the sky on chains of gold.

Its force stupendous asks a ponderous sphere
To poise its fury and its weight to bear:
Slow moves that ponderous orb; the stiff, slow pace
One step scarce gains, while wide his annual race
Two hundred times the sun triumphant rides;
The Crystal Heaven is this, whose rigour guides
And binds the starry sphere *: That sphere behold,
With diamonds spangled, and emblazed with gold;
What radiant orbs that azure sky adorn,
Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne!
Swift as they trace the heaven's deep circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they shine.
Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt displays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!
Through these the sun in annual journey towers,
And o'er each clime their various tempers pours.

periods of millions of years, and the worlds which they tell us are already past, and eternally to succeed each other.

* *And binds the starry sphere*—This was called the firmament, or eighth heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and whose orbits composed the other spheres or heavens.

In gold and silver of celestial mine
How rich far round the constellations shine!
Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides
In shining frost the northern chariot rides*:

* *In shining frost the northern chariot rides*—Commonly called Charles's wain. Of Calisto, or the Bear, see the note on page 132, vol. ii. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Cassiope. Cassiope boasted that she and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appease the goddess, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a sea-monster, but was saved by Perseus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family should be placed among the stars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was stung to death by a serpent. The star of his name portends tempests. The Dogs; fable gives this honour to those of different hunters. The faithful dog of Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his mistress, has the best title to preside over the dog-days. The swan; that whose form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The hare, when pursued by Orion, was saved by Mercury, and placed in heaven, to signify that Mercury presides over melancholy dispositions. The lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The dragon, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, and the ship Argo, complete the number of the constellations mentioned by Camoens. If our author has blended the appearances of heaven with those of the

Mid treasured snows here gleams the grisly bear,
And icy flakes incrust his shaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved:
Her vengeful sire, and by the gods reproved
Beauteous Cassiope. Here fierce and red
Portending storms Orion lifts his head;
And here the dogs their raging fury shed.
The swan, sweet melodist! in death he sings—
The milder swan here spreads his silver wings.
Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare,
And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare;
And Theseus' ship, Oh, less renown'd than thine,
Shall ever o'er these skies illustrious shine.
Beneath this radiant firmament behold
The various planets in their orbits roll'd:
Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides,
Here Jove shines mild, here fiery Mars presides,
Apollo here enthroned in light appears
The eye of heaven, emblazer of the spheres;

painted artificial sphere, it is in the manner of the classics. Ovid, in particular, thus describes the heavens, in the second book of his Metamorphoses.

Beneath him beauteous glows the Queen of Love
The proudest hearts her sacred influence prove;
Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,
And here Diana's various faces shine;
Lowest she rides, and through the shadowy nigh
Pours on the glistening earth her silver light.
These various orbs, behold, in various speed
Pursue the journeys at their birth decreed.
Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,
Now nearer earth they sail a lower sky,
A shorten'd course: such are the laws imprest
By God's dread Will, that Will forever best.

The yellow earth, the centre of the whole,
There lordly rests sustain'd on either pole.
The limpid air enfolds in soft embrace
The pondrous orb, and brightens o'er her face.
Here softly floating o'er th' aerial blue,
Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their swelling sides display;
From whence fermented by the sulph'rous ray

lightnings blaze, and heat spreads wide and
rare;
now in fierce embrace with frozen air,
wombs comprest soon feel parturient throws,
white wing'd gales bear wide the teeming snows.
cold and heat their warring empires hold,
se yet mingling, each by each control'd;
highest air and ocean's bed they pierce,
earth's dark centre feels their struggles fierce.

ıe seat of Man, the Earth's fair breast, behold;
wood-crown'd islands wave their locks of gold.
spread wide continents their bosoms green,
hoary ocean heaves his breast between.
not th' inconstant ocean's furious tide
fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.
ıt mad'ning seas between these nations roar!
Lusus' hero-race shall visit every shore.
ıt thousand tribes whom various customs sway,
various rites, these countless shores display!
ın of the world, supreme in shining arms,
ı every art, and her's all wisdom's charms,

Each nation's tribute round her footstool spread—
Here Christian Europe * lifts the regal head.
Afric behold †, alas, what alter'd view!
Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue;
Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife;
Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.
Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore,
Monomotapa's empire hems the shore.
There round the Cape, great Afric's dreadful bound
Array'd in storms, by You first compass'd round;
Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,
By laws unform'd, unform'd by reason's sway:
Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales,
Where on the parch'd hill side pale Famine wails.

* *Here Christian Europe—Vès Europa Christan*—As Europe is already described in the Third Lusiad, this short account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it has dignity.

† *Afric behold*—This just and strongly picturesque description of Africa is finely contrasted with the character of Europe. It contains also a masterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along represented as the harbinger and diffuser of the blessings of civilization.

gold in vain the naked savage treads;
w clay-built huts, behold, and reedy sheds,
eir dreary towns. Gonsalo's zeal shall glow *
these dark minds the path of light to shew:
s toils to humanize the barbarous mind
all with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.
eat Naya too † shall glorious here display
s God's dread might: behold, in black array,
ımerous and thick as when in evil hour
e feathered race whole harvest fields devour:
thick, so numerous round Sofala's towers
:r barbarous hordes remotest Afric pours,

* *Gonsalo's zeal shall glow*—Gonsalo de Sylveyra, a Portuese Jesuit, in 1555, sailed from Lisbon on a mission to Monotapa. His labours were at first successful; but ere he ected any regular establishment, he was murdered by the rbarians.

† *Great Naya too*—Don Pedro de Naya..... In 1505 erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is subject to onomotapa. Six thousand Moors and Cafres laid siege to is garrison, which he defended with only thirty-five men. fter having several times suffered by unexpected sallies, the arbarians fled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them) fight against God. See Faria.

In vain; Heaven's vengeance on their souls impr
They fly, wide scatter'd as the driving mist.
Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curst with that gorging fiend the crocodile,
Wind their long way: the parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount, unseen, unknown of old,
From whence diffusing plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyssinia's realm the stream divides.
In Abyssinia * heaven's own altars blaze,
And hallowed anthems chant Messiah's praise.
In Nile's wide breast the isle of Meroe see!
Near these rude shores an Hero sprung from the
Thy son, brave GAMA †, shall his lineage show
In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe.

* *In Abyssinia heaven's own altars blaze*—Christianity planted here in the first century, but mixed with many Je rites unused by other Christians of the East.

† *Thy son, brave Gama*—When Don Stephen de Gama governor of India, the Christian Emperor and Empress-mot of Ethiopia solicited the assistance of the Portuguese aga the usurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Steph sent his brother Don Christoval with 500 men. The prodig of their valour astonished the Ethiopians. But after havi

here by the rapid Ob, her friendly breast
elinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest.
ape Aromata there the gulph defends,
here by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
lustrious Suez, seat of heroes old,
med Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.
ere Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
nd hence in squadrons sweep the eastern tide.
nd lo, the waves that aw'd by Moses' rod,
hile the dry bottom Israel's armies trod,
n either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
nd stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.
ere Asia, rich in every precious mine,
realms immense, begins her western line.
nai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore
fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore

ice defeated the tyrant, and reduced his great army to the
t extremity, Don Christoval, urged too far by the impetuo-
y of his youthful valour, was taken prisoner. He was brought
fore the usurper, and put to death in the most cruel manner.
axed threads were twisted with his beard and afterwards set
fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at last be-
aded by the hand of the tyrant. The Portuguese esteem him
nartyr, and say that his torments and death were inflicted
cause he would not renounce the faith. See Faria y Sousa.

The Hebrew's God, while day with awful brow
Gleam'd pale on Israel's wandering tents below.
The pilgrim now the lonely hill ascends,
And when the evening raven homeward bends,
Before the Virgin-Martyr's tomb * he pays
His mournful vespers and his vows of praise.
Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from heaven; where never from the dale
The crystal rivulet murmured to the vale.
The three Arabias here their breasts unfold,
Here breathing incense, here a rocky wold;

* *Before the Virgin-Martyr's tomb*—He must be a dull reader indeed who cannot perceive and relish the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the historical narrative of wars, where it is most necessary, yet from the sameness of the subject, most difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the most graceful ease. In the description of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only distinguishes each region by its most striking characteristic, but he also diversifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr, according to Romish histories, was buried on Sinai, where a chapel which bears her name still remains.

O'er Dofar's plain the richest incense breathes,
That round the sacred shrine its vapour wreathes;
Here the proud war-steed glories in his force,
As fleeter than the gale he holds the course.
Here, with his spouse and household lodged in wains,
The Arab's camp shifts wandering o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eastern soil
His burthen'd camels seek the land of Nile.
Here Rosalgate and Farthac stretch their arms,
And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms;
Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread
Beneath the Lusian heroes' hostile tread,
Shall see the Turkish moons with slaughter gor'd
Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's sword *.
There on the gulph that laves the Persian shore,
Far through the surges bends Cape Asabore.
There Barem's isle †; her rocks with diamonds blaze,
And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.

* —— *De Branco's sword.*—Don Pedro de Castel-Branco, obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Persians.

† *There Barem's isle*—The island of Barem is situated in the Persian gulph, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tigris. It

From Barem's shore Euphrates' flood is seen,
And Tigris' waters, through the waves of green
In yellowy currents many a league extend,
As with the darker waves averse they blend.
Lo, Persia there her empire wide unfolds!
In tented camp his state the monarch holds:
Her warrior sons disdain the arms of fire†,
And with the pointed steel to fame aspire;
Their springy shoulders stretching to the blow,
Their sweepy sabres hew the shrieking foe.
There Gerum's isle the hoary ruin wears
Where Time has trod‡: there shall the dreadful spears

is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and fineness of its diamonds.

† *Her warrior sons disdain the arms of fire*—This was the character of the Persians when Gama arrived in the East. Yet though they thought it dishonourable to use the musket, they esteemed it no disgrace to rush from a thicket on an unarmed foe.

‡ *There Gerum's isle the hoary ruin wears,*
Where time has trod—

Presuming on the ruins which are found on this island, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here situated. But this is a mistake, for that city stood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this isle, which they call by the ancient name.

Of Sousa and Menezes strew the shore
With Persian sabres, and embathe with gore.
Carpella's cape, and sad Carmania's strand,
Where parch'd and bare their dreary wastes expand.
A fairer landscape here delights the view;
From these green hills beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a smiling field propitious lave.
Luxurious here Ulcinda's harvests smile,
And here, disdainful of the seaman's toil,
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;
Alike their rage when swelling to the shore,
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force
The boiling fury of their gulphy course:
Against their headlong rage nor oars nor sails,
The stemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.
Cambaya here begins her wide domain;
A thousand cities here shall own the reign
Of Lisboa's monarchs: He who first shall crown
Thy labours, GAMA*, here shall boast his own.

* *He who first shall crown thy labours, Gama*—Pedro Alvarez de Cabral is here alluded to, who had the command of the first

The lengthening sea that washes India's strand
And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,
(The Taprobanian isle, renown'd of yore)
Shall see his ensigns blaze from shore to shore.
Behold how many a realm array'd in green
The Ganges' shore and Indus' bank between!
Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore
With woeful penance fiend-like shapes adore;
Some Macon's orgies *, all confess the sway
Of rites that shun, like trembling ghosts, the day -
Narsinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here shone the gilded towers of Meliapore.
Here India's angels weeping o'er the tomb
Where Thomas sleeps †, implore the day to come -

expedition after the return of Gama from the discovery of India; after many engagements with the Zamorim of Calicut and the Turks, he succeeded in establishing the Portugue[illegible] power on a firm basis.

* *Some Macon's orgies*—Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth-place of Mohammed.

† —— *The tomb where Thomas sleeps*—The following account of the Christians of the East, in illustration of the episode of St. Thomas, will not, it is hoped, prove unacceptable to the curious. In the southern parts of Malabar, about 200,000

The day foretold when India's utmost shore
Again shall hear Messiah's blissful lore.

the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, by which apostle their ancestors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their matarene or archbishop. When the Portuguese arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Christians, named Jacob, styled himself Metropolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary* of the India Christians offers praise to God for sending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near *Siganfu*, metropolis of the province of *Xensi*, was found a stone with a cross on it, full of Chinese, and some Syriac characters, containing the names of bishops, and an account of the Christian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that having been weakened, it was renewed under the reign of the great *Tam*," (cir. A. D. 630.) But the Christians, say the Jesuits, siding with the Tartars, cir. A. D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chinese. In 1543, *Fernand Pinto*, observing some ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worshipped Jesus Christ, born of a virgin, lived there, and being murdered, was thrown into a river, but his body would not sink; and soon after the city was destroyed by an earthquake. The same Jesuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Christianity, which they said were preached to their fathers by John the disciple of Thomas. In 1635, some heathens by night passing through a village in the

* The existence of this breviary is a certain fact. These Christians had the Scripture also in the Chaldaic language.

By Indus' banks the holy Prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God;

province of Fokien, saw some stones which emitted light, under which were found the figure of crosses. From China St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the sea near the coast. The king endeavoured to bring it ashore, but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas desired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to shore with a single thread. A church was built, and the king baptized. This enraged the Bramins, the chief of whom killed his own son, and accused Thomas of the murder. But the saint, by restoring the youth to life, discovered the wickedness of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 330 stately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 800, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cananeus. In 1523, the body of the apostle, with the head of the lance beside him, was found in his church by D. Duarte de Meneses; and in 1558 was by D. Constantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To these accounts, selected from *Faria y Sousa*, let two from Osorius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Souza was viceroy, some brazen tables were brought to him, inscribed with unusual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account sent to Cardinal Henrico, by the Bishop of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portuguese repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas *, there was found a stone cross with several

* This was a very ancient building, in the very first style of Christian churches. The Portuguese have now disfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

Where pale disease erewhile the cheek consumed,
Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd;
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the cheerful day restor'd the dead:
By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.

characters on it, which the best antiquarians could not interpret, till at last a Bramin translated it, "That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was sent by the Son of God, whose disciple he was, to teach the law of heaven in India; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar."

A view of Portuguese Asia, which must include the labours of the Jesuits, forms a necessary part in the comment on the Lusiad: this note, therefore, and some obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as easy to bury an inscription and find it again, as it is to invent a silly tale; but though suspicion of fraud on the one hand, and silly absurdity on the other, lead us to despise the authority of the Jesuits, yet one fact remains indisputable; Christianity had been much better known in the East, several centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jesuits were unconcerned, crosses were found. The long existence of the Christians of St. Thomas in the midst of a vast Pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire must have some knowledge of their doctrines. And these facts give countenance to some material conjectures concerniug the religion of the Bramins. For these we shall give scope immediately.

* *When now the Chief that wore the Triple Thre*
thus Osorius; " *Terna fila ab humero dextero in lat*
gerunt, ut designent trinam in natura divina ration
(the Bramins) wear three threads, which reach fr
shoulder to the left side, as significant of the trina
in the Divine Nature." That some sects of the Bra
symbolical Tessera of three threads, is acknowle
hands; but from whatever the custom arose, it
supposed that the Bramins, who have thousands c
contradictory legends, should agree in their accou
nations of it. Faria says, that according to the s
of the Malabrians, the religion of the Bramins pro
fishermen, who left the charge of the temples to t
sors on condition they should wear some threads
in remembrance of their original. Their accounts
Person having assumed human nature are innume
the God Brahma, as observed by Cudworth, is gen
tioned as united in the government of the unive

Fired by the rage that gnaws the conscious breast
Of holy fraud, when worth shines forth confest,
Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he sues;
His son's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrews;
Then bold assuming the vindictive ire,
And all the passions of the woful sire,
Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,
Arraigns the holy man, and wails his son:
A band of hoary priests attest the deed,
And India's king condemns the Seer to bleed.
Inspired by heaven the holy victim stands,
And o'er the murder'd corse extends his hands,

their *Otcon*, *Messou*, and *Atahauta*; yet perhaps the Athanasian controversy offers a fairer field to the conjecturist. That controversy for several ages engrossed the conversation of the East. All the subtilty of the Greeks was called forth, and no speculative contest was ever more universally or warmly disputed; so warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mohammed, by inserting into his Koran some declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable proselytes to his new religion. Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy dispute, and from the earliest times these countries have had a commercial intercourse with India. And certain it is, that Brahmin theology has undergone considerable alterations, of much later date than the Christian æra.

In God's dread power, thou slaughter'd youth, arise,
And name thy murderer; aloud he cries.
When, dread to view, the deep wounds instant close,
And fresh in life the slaughter'd youth arose,
And named his treacherous sire. The conscious air
Quiver'd, and awful horror raised the hair
On every head. From Thomas India's king
The holy sprinkling of the living spring
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds
The God of Thomas every tongue resounds.
Long taught the holy Seer the words of life:
The priests of Brahma still to deeds of strife,
So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,
And high to deathful rage their rancour swell'd.
'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng
Rising in madning tempest round him shower'd
The splinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.
But heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd;
His angel guards withdrew th' ethereal shield;
A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breast—
Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land exprest!

Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,
And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;
O'er every valley where thy footsteps stray'd,
The hollow winds the gliding sighs convey'd.
What woes the mournful face of India wore.
These woes in living pangs his people bore,
His sons, to whose illumined minds he gave
To view the rays that shine beyond the grave,
His pastoral sons bedew'd his corse with tears;
While high triumphant through the heavenly spheres,
With songs of joy the smiling angels wing
His raptured spirit to th' eternal King.
O you, the followers of the holy Seer,
Foredoom'd the shrines of heaven's own lore to rear,
You sent by heaven his labours to renew,
Like him, ye Lusians, simplest Truth pursue.
Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,
To deck one feature of her angel face;
Behind the veil's broad glare she glides away,
And leaves a rotten form of lifeless painted clay.

Much have you view'd of future Lusian reign;
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,

Scenes of your future toils and glorious sway—
And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay.
Narsinga here in numerous legions bold,
And here Oryxa boasts her cloth of gold.
The Ganges here in many a stream divides,
Diffusing plenty from his fattening tides,
As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides;
Nor may the fleetest hawk, untired, explore
Where end the ricey groves that crown the shore.
There view what woes demand your pious aid!
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave*.

* *Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave.*—Every traveller who has visited the East, has represented the great multitude of the Indians as the most superstitious, and the most abandoned of people. The innumerable superstitious rites performed on the banks of the Ganges, afford a pitiable picture of the weakness of human nature. As Camoens has observed, not only dead corpses are conveyed from distant regions to be thrown into the sacred water, but the sick are brought to the river side, where they

"——————————————— crave
"Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave.
"Thus heaven they deem, though vilest guilt they bore
"Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more."

Thus heaven they deem, though vilest guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.
There, eastward, Arracan her line extends;
And Pegu's mighty empire southward bends:
Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confest
A dog their sire *; their deeds the tale attest.
A pious queen their horrid rage restrain'd †;
Yet still their fury Nature's God arraign'd.

Hence it used to be no uncommon scene for European ships to be surrounded with the bodies which came floating down this hallowed stream.

* *Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confest*
A dog their sire.

—The tradition of this country boasted this infamous and impossible original. While other nations pretend to be descended of demi-gods, the Pegusians were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chinese woman and a dog, the only living creatures which survived a shipwreck on their coast. See *Faria.* This infamy, however, they could not deserve. Animals of a different species may generate together, but nature immediately displays her abhorrence, in invariably depriving the unnatural offspring of the power of procreation.

† *A pious queen their horrid rage restrain'd*—Thus in the original:

Aqui soante arame no instrumento
Da géraçáo costumáo, o que usarão
Por manha da Raynha, que inventando
Tal uso, deitou fôra o error nefando.

Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the sky!
Yes, bathed in gore shall rank pollution lie.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava shine,
Begins great Siam's empire's far stretch'd line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire
The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.

Relatum est de regina quadam terræ Peguensis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpissimum subditorum suorum, legem tulit, ut universi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quosdam æratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita sit: cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hosce superinducunt: statim a prima septimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inferuntur plerumque tres orbiculi: magnitudine infimus ad modum juglandis, primus ferme ad tenerioris gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum parens ad libitum onus excutiat. Si horum aliqui a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii æstimatur. To this let the testimony of G. Arthus (Hist. Ind. Orient. p. 313. be added, Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet Puellæ enim omnes statim a pueritia sua medicamentum quod dam usurpant, quo mulicbria distenduntur & aperta continentur: idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri gestant; illi enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo sufficerent.

According to Balby, and Cæsar Frederic, the empire of Pegu which the year before sent armies of two millions to the field was in 1598, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the most miserable state of desolation, the few natives who survived having left their country an habitation for wild beasts.

Malaca's castled harbour here survey,
The wealthful seat foredoom'd of Lusian sway.
Here to their port the Lusian fleet shall steer,
From every shore far round assembling here
The fragrant treasures of the eastern world:
Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd,
Through waves all foam, Sumatra's isle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven *.
To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,
Some deem the sapient Monarch plough'd the seas,
Ophir its Tyrian name †. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores!
High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,
Its moon-light curve points to the northern star,
Opening its bosom to the silver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.

* *And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven.*—See the same account of Sicily. Virg. Æn. III.

† *Ophir its Tyrian name*—Sumatra has been by some esteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the superior fineness of the gold of Sofala, and its situation nearer the Red Sea, favour the claim of the latter. See Bochart. Geog. Sacr.

Patane and Pam, and nameless nations more,
Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore,
Their vassal tribute yield to Siam's throne;
And thousands more, of laws, of names unknown,
That vast of land inhabit. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold
The far spread lawns; the skirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' sway.
Lo, distant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;
Here brutalized the human form is seen,
The manners fiend-like as the brutal mein:
With frothing jaws they suck the human blood,
And gnaw the reeking limbs *, their sweetest food;

* *And gnaw the reeking limbs*—Much has been said on this subject, some denying and others asserting the existence of Anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry. (de Abstin. l. 4. § 21.*) says that the Massagetæ and Derbices (people of north-eastern Asia) esteeming those most miserable who died of sickness, killed and eat their parents and relations when they grew old, holding it more honourable thus to consume them, than that

* Ισοβῶνται γᾶν Μασσαγέται καὶ Δέρβικες ἀθλιωτάτους ἡγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τοὺς ἀνιαμάτους τελευτησαντας· διὸ καὶ φθάσαντες καταθύσιν καὶ ἐσιῶνται τῶν φιλτάτων τοὺς γεγηρακότας.

Horrid with figured seams of burning steel
Their wolf-like frowns their ruthless lust reveal.

they should be destroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this, word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own, Quid loquar, says he, (Adv. Jov. l. 2. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et cum per sylvas porcorum greges & armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, pastorum nates, et fœminarum papillas solere abscindere, & has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited. "Aftirwarde men gon be many yles be see unto a yle that men clepen Milhe: there is a full cursed peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to fighten and to sle men, and to drynken gladlyest mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu." p. 235. Yet whatever absurdity may appear on the face of these tales; and what can be more absurd, than to suppose that a few wild Scots or Irish (for the name was then proper to Ireland) should so lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breasts of the women and the hips of the shepherds? Yet whatever absurdities our Mandevylles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly destroyed. Though Dampier and other visitors of barbarous nations have assured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the assertion of their existence, without partaking of a credulity similar to that of those foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like sheep, (see Lambert's Peramb.) the punishment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas à Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that

Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves,

different barbarous nations used to eat their prisoners of war. According to the authentic testimony of the best writers, many of the savage tribes of America, on their high festivals, brought forth their captives, and after many barbarous ceremonies, at last roasted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage discovered the horrid practice in New Zealand. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practised it. When Magalhaens proposed Christianity to the King of Subo, a north eastern Asiatic island, and when Francis de Castro discovered Santigana and other islands, an hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the conversion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenser tells us, in his View of the State of Ireland, that he has seen the Irish drink human blood, particularly he adds, " at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Murrogh O'Brien, I saw an old woman, who was his foster-mother, take up his head whilst he was quartering, and suck up all the blood that ran thereout, saying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast, and tore her hair, crying out and shrieking most terribly." It is worthy of regard that the custom of marking themselves with hot irons, and *tattooing*, is the characteristic both of the Guios of Camoens and of the present inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the island of Otaheite was first peopled by a shipwreck, the friendship existing in a small society might easily obliterate

Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening slime.
The simple natives of these lawns believe
That other worlds the souls of beasts receive;
Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore,
Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour!
When tyrant ire chaf'd by the blended lust
Of pride outrageous, and revenge unjust,
Shall on the guiltless Exile burst their rage,
And mad'ning tempests on their side engage,
Preserved by heaven the song of Lusian fame,
The song, O VASCO, sacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er
The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore *,

the memory of one custom, while the less unfriendly one of *tattooing* was handed down, a memorial that they owned their origin to the north eastern parts of Asia, where that custom particularly prevails.

* *On the Mecon's shore*—It was on the mouth of this river that Camoens suffered the unhappy shipwreck which rendered him the sport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our poet

Here rest secure as on the Muse's breast!
Happy the deathless song, the Bard, alas, unbles

Chiampa there her fragrant coast extends,
There Cochin-china's cultured land ascends:
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen skies
O'erflow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.
Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd*,
The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd:

mentions himself and the saving of his Lusiads with the greate modesty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the o ginal, it is certainly the part of a translator to add a warmth colouring to a passage of this nature. For the literal translati of this place, and farther particulars, see the Life of Camoe

* *Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd*—According *Le Compte*'s memoirs of China, and the relations of other tr vellers, the mariner's compass, fire-arms, and printing, we known in that empire long ere the invention of those arts Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, La Compte, and t other Jesuits, are by no means to be depended on. It w their interest, in order to gain credit in Europe and at t court of Rome, to magnify the splendor of the empire whe their mission lay, and they have magnified it into romance

And here the trembling needle sought the north,
Ere Time in Europe brought the wonder forth.
No more let Egypt boast her mountain pyres;
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aspires,
A prouder boast of regal power displays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.
Not built, created seems the frowning mound;
O'er loftiest mountain tops and vales profound
Extends the wondrous length, with warlike castles crown'd*.

self. It is pretended that the Chinese used fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane; but it is also said that the Sogdianians used cannon against Alexander. The mention of any sulphurous composition in an old writer is with some immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chinese, indeed, on the first arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter strangers to the smaller fire-arms. Verbiest, a Jesuit, was the first who taught them to make brass cannon set upon wheels. And even so late as the hostile menace which Anson gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage.

* This amazing fabric, which was originally raised as a defence against the incursions of the Tartars, extends 1500 miles in length, and is carried over the highest mountains, and across the deepest vales. The materials of which it is formed consist

Immense the northern wastes their horrors spread;
In frost and snow the seas and shores are clad.
These shores forsake, to future ages due:
A world of islands claims thy happier view,
Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance showers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace
Her eastern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illustrious GAMA, shall thy labours bear!
How bright a silver mine *! when heaven's own lore
From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.

Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn!

of an immense mound of earth, faced on either side with brick, and is defended at certain intervals by massy towers of stone.

* *How bright a silver mine* — By this beautiful metaphor Camoens alludes to the great success which in his time attended the Jesuit missionaries in Japan. James I. sent an embassy to the sovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was soon suffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japonese, which it is said they obtain by trampling on the cross and by abjuring the Christian name.

Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternat behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds enroll'd,
By night like rolling waves the sheets of fire
Blaze o'er the seas, and high to heaven aspire.
For Lusian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Lusian blood shall sprinkle every grove.
The golden birds that ever sail the skies
Here to the sun display their shining dyes,
Each want supplied on air they ever soar;
The ground they touch not* till they breathe no more.
Here Banda's isles their fair embroidery spread
Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;
And birds of every beauteous plume display
Their glittering radiance, as from spray to spray,

n religion the Japonese are much the same as their neighbours f China. And in the frequency of self-murder, says Voltaire, hey vie with their brother islanders of England.

* *The ground they touch not*—These are commonly called the irds of Paradise. It was the old erroneous opinion, that they lways soared in the air, and that the female hatched her roung on the back of the male. Their feathers bear a mixure of the most beautiful azure, purple, and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the sun.

From bower to bower, on busy wings they rove,
To seize the tribute of the spicy grove.
Borneo here expands her ample breast,
By Nature's hand in woods of camphire drest;
The precious liquid weeping from the trees
Glows warm with health, the balsam of disease.
Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd:
Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant shade,
And in its crystal breast displays the bowers
Of sanders, blest with health-restoring powers.
Where to the south the world's broad surface bends,
Lo, Sunda's realm her spreading arms extends.
From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale,
A river groaning through a dreary dale,
For all is stone around, converts to stone
Whate'er of verdure in its breast is thrown*.

* *Whate'er of verdure in its breast is thrown.*—Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Castera attributes this quality to the excessive cold of the waters, but this is a mistake. The waters of some springs are impregnated with sparry particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into stone and incrust the original retainers.

Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's skies
Another mountain's trembling flames arise;
Here from the trees the gum * all fragrance swells,
And softest oil a wondrous fountain wells.
Nor these alone the happy isle bestows,
Fine is her gold, her silk resplendent glows.
Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide †
From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.
The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,
Whose wondrous fruitage poison's rage expells.
In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows!
The sailing clouds its middle height enclose.
Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed tread
Of sainted footstep ‡ marks its rocky head.

* *Here from the trees the gum*—Benjamin, a species of frankincense. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black fetid mineral oleum, good for bruises and sprains.

† *Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide*—A sea plant, resembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian islands. The boughs rise to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the cocoa of Maldivia, which is esteemed an antidote against poison.

‡ —— *The tread of sainted footstep*—The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Peak of Adam.

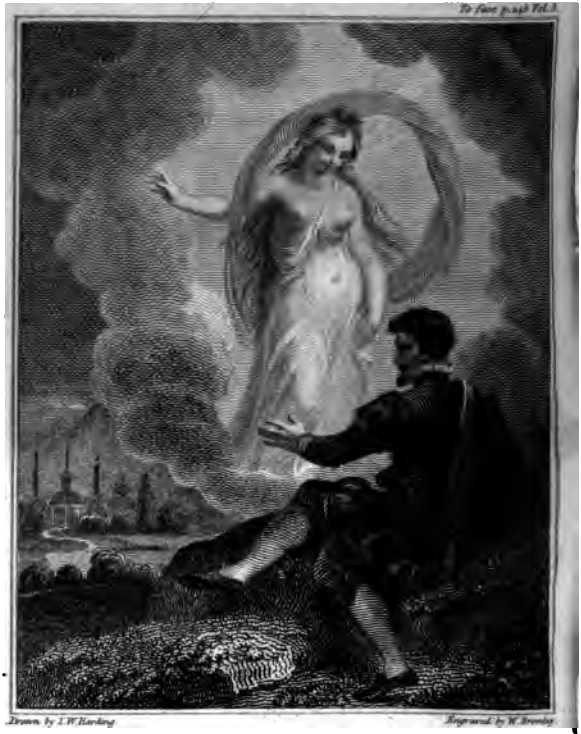
Laved by the Red-sea gulf, Socotra's bowers
There boast the tardy aloe's cluster'd flowers.
On Afric's strand, foredoom'd to Lusian sway,
Behold these isles, and rocks of dusky gray;
From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours
The fragrant amber on the sandy shores.
And lo, the Island of the Moon * displays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are seen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the Cape where sail was ne'er unfurl'd
Till thine, auspicious, sought the Eastern World,

Legendary tradition says, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradise, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footstep. This tale seems to be Jewish or Mohammedan, for the natives, according to Capt. Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impression was made by the god *Buddow*, when he ascended to heaven after having, for the salvation of mankind, appeared on the earth. His priests beg charity for the sake of *Buddow*, whose worship they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on earth, they say, he usually sat and taught.

* *And lo, the Island of the Moon*—Madagascar is thus named by the natives.

To face p. 243 Vol. I.



Drawn. by I. W. Harding

Engraved by W. Bromley

LUSIAD.

book 1.

London, Published by I. Harding, March 1809.

To utmost wave where first the morning star
Sheds the pale lustre of her silver car,
Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the isles,
The world immense that crowns thy glorious toils.
That world where every boon is shower'd from heaven,
Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is given*.

And still, oh Blest, thy peerless honours grow,
New opening views the smiling Fates bestow.
With alter'd face the moving globe behold;
Their ruddy evening sheds her beams of gold,
While now on Afric's bosom faintly die
The last pale glimpses of the twilight sky,
Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,
And dawning rays another world adorn:
To farthest north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends.

* *Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is given*—The sublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Lusiad has been already observed. What follows is a natural completion of the whole, and, the digressive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly similar to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

Near either pole * the barbarous hunter drest
In skins of bears explores the frozen waste:
Where smiles the genial sun with kinder rays,
Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.
This golden empire, by the heaven's decree,
Is due, Casteel, O favour'd Power, to Thee!
Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
Pursues the evening sun, his navy's guide.
Yet shall the kindred Lusian share the reign,
What time this world shall own the yoke of Spain.
The first bold hero who to India's shores
Through vanquish'd waves thy open'd path explores,
Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's strand
Shall fix the holy cross on yon fair land †:

* *Near either pole*—We are now presented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus discovered the West Indies before, but not the continent till 1498, the year after Gama sailed from Lisbon.

* *Shall fix the holy cross on yon fair land*—Cabral, the first after Gama who sailed to India, was driven by a tempest to the Brazils, a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the same fate. It is one of the finest countries in the new world, and still remains subject to the crown of Portugal.

That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,
Shall stretch the Lusian empire's western bound.
Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,
To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire * :

* *To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire*—Camoens, though he boasts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection from his country, and calls him

O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade
Portuguez, porèm naó na lealdade.

"In deeds truly a Portuguese, but not in loyalty." Others have also bestowed upon him the name of traitor, but perhaps undeservedly. Justice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Many eminent services performed in Africa and India, encouraged Magalhaens to aspire to the rank of *Fidalgo*, or Gentleman of the King's Household, an honour which, though of little emolument, was esteemed as the reward of distinguished merit, and therefore highly valued. But for this Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, says Faria, that the malicious accusations of some men had more weight with his sovereign than all his services. After this unworthy repulse, what patronage at the court of Lisbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his sword against his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has some important discovery in meditation should stifle his purpose if uncountenanced by his native prince. Magalhaens accordingly, possessed of his great design, and neglected with contempt at home, offered his service

In all but loyalty, of Lusian soul,
No fear, no danger shall his toils control.

to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ships and 250 men he sailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties, occasioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by those straits which bear his Spanish name Magellan. From these straits, in the 52½ degree of southern latitude, he traversed that great ocean, till in the tenth degree of north latitude he landed on the island of Subo or Marien. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his conversion to christianity, became his auxiliary *. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious; but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martinho, a judicial astrologer, whom he usually consulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the disappointment of promised victory, the new baptized king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards who were on shore, treacherously poisoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portuguese settlements in the isles of Banda and Ternate, and from thence returned to Spain in Portuguese ships †, one ship only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This vessel, named the *Vitoria*, however, had the honour to be the first ship which ever surrounded the globe. Thus unhappily ended, says Osorius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good bishop was mistaken, for a few years after he wrote, and somewhat upwards of fifty years after the return of the *Vitoria*,

* Vid. Far. sub Ann. 1519. † Vid. Osor. Lib. XI.

Along these regions from the burning zone
To deepest south he dares the course unknown.
While to the kingdoms of the rising day,
To rival Thee he holds the western way,
A land of giants * shall his eyes behold,
Of camel strength, surpassing human mould:
And onward still, thy fame, his proud heart's guide,
Haunting him unappeased, the dreary tide
Beneath the southern star's cold gleam he braves,
And stems the whirls of land-surrounded waves.
For ever sacred to the hero's fame
These foaming straits shall bear his deathless name.
Through these dread jaws of rock he presses on;
Another ocean's breast, immense, unknown,
Beneath the south's cold wings, unmeasured, wide,
Receives his vessels; through the dreary tide

Philip II. of Spain availed himself of the discoveries of Magalaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spanish merica and the Asian Archipelago, at this day forms the basis f the power of Spain.

* *A land of giants*—The Patagonians. Various are the fables f navigators concerning these people. The few of Magalhaens' rew who returned, affirmed they were about ten feet in height, ince which voyage they have risen and fallen in their stature, ccording to the different humours of our sea wits.

In darkling shades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameless shore.

Thus far, O favoured Lusians, bounteous Heaven
Your nation's glories to your view has given.
What ensigns, blazing to the morn, pursue
The path of heroes open'd first by You!
Still be it yours the first in fame to shine:
Thus shall your brides new chaplets still entwine,
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The halcyons call, ye Lusians, spread the sail!
Old ocean now appeased shall rage no more,
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore:
Soon shall the transports of the natal soil
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The goddess spake *; and Vasco waved his hand,
And soon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.

* *The goddess spake*—We are now come to the conclusion of the fiction of the island of Venus, a fiction which is divided

The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.

into three principal parts. In each of these the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to assert that the happiness of our author, in uniting all these parts together in one great episode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Lusiad receive their reward in the island of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feast, they hear the glorious victories and conquests of the heroes who are to succeed them in their Indian expedition, sung by a Syren; and the face of the globe itself, described by the goddess, discovers the universe, and particularly the extent of the eastern world, now given to Europe by the success of Gama. Neither in the happiness or grandeur of completion may the Æneid or Odyssey be mentioned in comparison. The Iliad alone, in epic conduct (as already observed) bears a strong resemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the interesting conclusion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be brought into competition with the admirable episode which concludes the Poem on the Discovery of India.

Some short account of the writers, whose authorities have been adduced in the course of these notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Castagneda went to India on purpose to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling himself to record their actions and conquests in the East. As he was one of the first writers on that subject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;

Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two most eminent, as well as fullest writers on the transactions of the Portuguese in the East, are Manuel de Faria y Sousa, knight of the order of Christ, and Hieronimus Osorius, Bishop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spanish, was a laborious enquirer, and is very full and circumstantial. With honest indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders, and the errors and unworthy resentments of kings. But he is often so drily particular, that he may rather be called a journalist than a historian. And by this uninteresting minuteness, his style for the greatest part is rendered inelegant. The Bishop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His Latin is elegant, and his manly and sentimental manner entitles him to the name of historian, even where a Livy or a Tacitus are mentioned. But a sentence from himself, unexpected in a Father of the communion of Rome, will characterise the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of King Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Christianity under severe persecution; Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum ..... tibi assumas, (say he) ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vincula mentibus effrenatis injicias? At id neque fieri potest, neque Christi sanctissimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim sacrificium non vi mala coactum ab hominibus expetit: neque vim mentibus inferri, sed voluntates ad studium veræ religionis allici et invitari jubet.

It is said, in the preface to Osorius, that his writings were highly esteemed by Queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II.

Fair as immortal fame in smiles array'd,
In bridal smiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails:
Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyry cliff he sails the skies;
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So smooth, so soft, the prows of GAMA glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild transporting charms appear;
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient titles and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their Monarch's name;
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway *.

What a pity is it, that the manly indignation of this good Bishop against the impiety of religious persecution, made no impression on the mind of that bigotted Princess!

* *And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway*—Thus in all the force of ancient simplicity, and the true sublime, ends the Poem of Camoens. What follows is one of those exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our author, nor is

Enough, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more
Must to the seat of Jove triumphant soar.
Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend;
Behold what glories on thy throne descend!
Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast
That all the Lusian fame in Thee is lost!
Oh, be it thine these glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue*!
Snatch from the tyrant Noble's hand the sword,
And be the rights of human-kind restored.
The statesman prelate, to his vows confine,
Alone auspicious at the holy shrine;
The priest, in whose meek heart heaven pours its fires
Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aspires.

the strictest sense is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the proposition of the Poem is artfully addressed to King Sebastian, and he is now called upon in an address, which is an artful second part to the former, to behold and preserve the glories of his throne.

* *And John's bold path, and Pedro's course pursue*—John I. and Pedro the Just, two of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

Nor let the Muse, great King, on Tago's shore,
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.
The king or hero to the Muse unjust
Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust.
But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields
Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.
And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire!
Oh, would thy smiles relume my fainting ire!
I, then inspired, the wondering world should see
Great Ammon's warlike son revived in Thee;
Reviv'd, unenvious of the Muse's flame
That o'er the world resounds Pelides' name.

THE END.

C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer, No. 103, Goswell Street.